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The Seed

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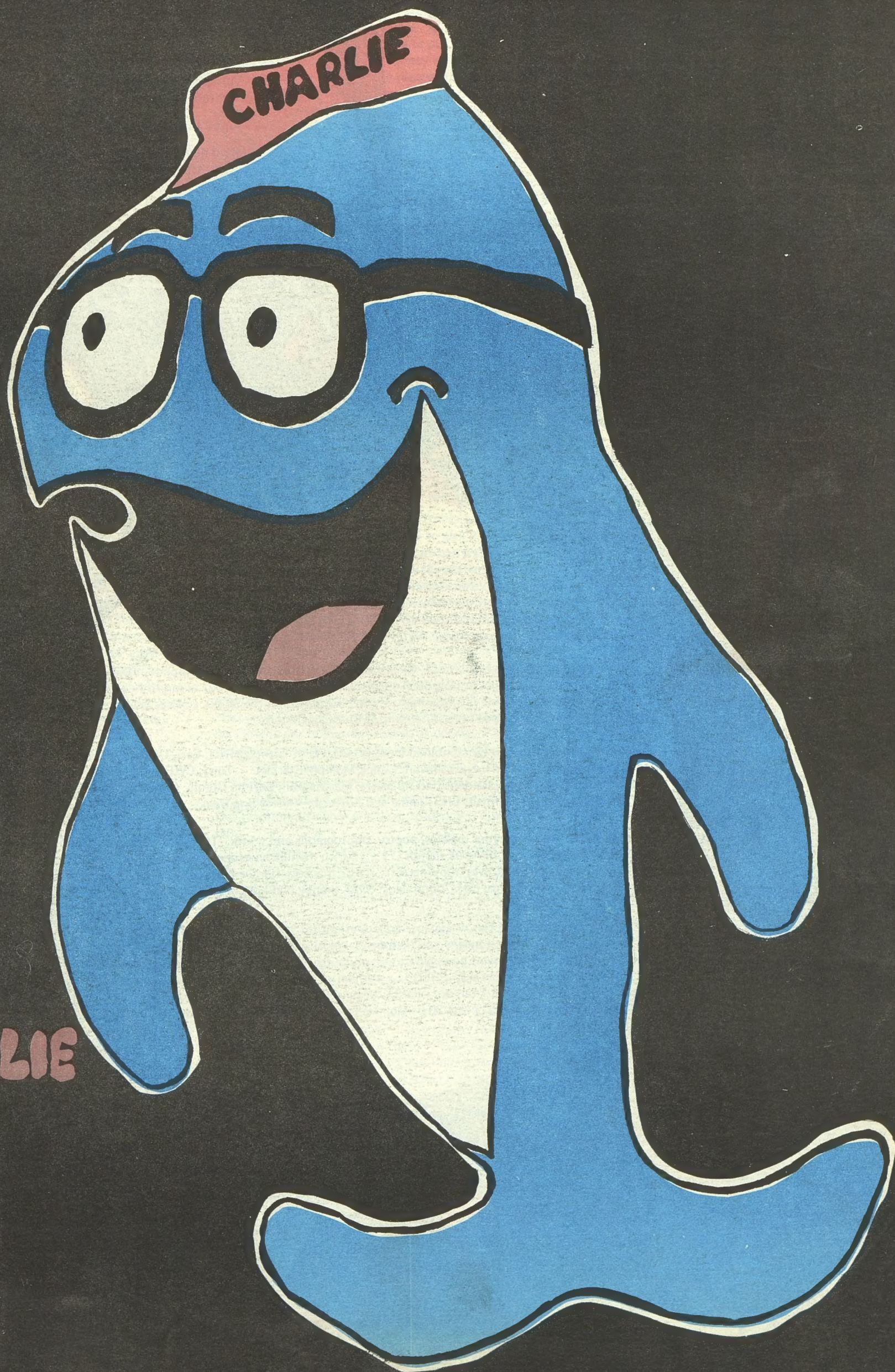


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SEED

CHICAGO 35¢
VOLUME 7
NUMBER 3
OVERSEAS 20 PENCE



.... WE
LOVE
YOU
CHARLIE

an interview with Charley

(The scene is a sewage infested ocean bottom. Old inner tubes and tin cans abound with all of the other refuse that man dumps into the common pool of water. Charley is lying on a chaise-lounge with bottles of plasma being transfused into his system. It is obvious that he is deadly ill. Charley occasionally moans).

Reporter: (Swimming by in a wetsuit with tanks and fins and carrying a microphone). Good evening, America, this is Dicky Diver, your underwater reporter. Tonight we have with us a famous personality whom many of you know intimately, Charley the Tuna. How are you feeling, Charley?

Charley: Not too good, Dicky, you see — I'm rather ill.

R: So I heard, Charley, Are you feeling bad because Starkist keeps rejecting you, hah, ha!

C: That's not exactly it, it sort of irks me, you know, but I keep trying.

R: It must get pretty maddening being passed up all the time, huh, Charley . . . probably gives you a trauma, huh?

C: No, Dickly, to tell ya the truth, it's the water around here that mae

R: Oh, what's the matter, Charley, can't take a little inner tube or a few tin cans once in a while?

C: Actually, it's the oil slicks and atomic radiation that scare me...did you bring your counter with ya...you people up there threw a lotta garbage into our ocean.

R: Ah, don't you worry your little gills about that, let our capable scientists take care of it...just look how far technology has advanced in the last quarter of a century ... hell, a little mercury never hurt anybody!

C: But it gives me a stomach ache.

R: Damn it, Charley, you have to roll with the punches, boy—keep a stiff upper lip, that sort of thing.

C: Dick, look, my scales are falling off; I get dizzy spells where everything looks like the bottom of a swimming pool, sorta wavy and hazy...

R: Relax. Our boys will take care of it, they know what they're doing.

C: Common' knock it off, I feel like a pickled herring.

R: What will our viewing audience think? You're bumming their trip !

C: I don't care, I feel like I'm dying.

R: Oh, cut that out! Charley, you're a real drag.

C: I can't help it, Dicky.

R: (Turning to audience) No wonder he's always getting rejected—it's his poor attitude.

C: I think I'm dropping out of this society.

R: Good night, folks, next week we'll be talking to some ghetto kids in Los Angeles to see how they are getting along. Bye now. (blackout) then a sign drops down). THIS WAS PRESENTED AS A PUBLIC SERVICE BY THE STARKIST FOLKS.

—Chuck Morton



It's a little cooler as we get Volume 7, number 3 together than it was for last issue, but we're missing Maralee, who's picking cherries in Colorado and Peter, who's tripping around California, so we're sweating alot anyway. Diane (reported missing June 24) has turned up again looking tan and healthy and eager to get back to the layout table. **ALL POWER TO THE SPRAY-GLUERS!**

Bowing to post office regulations, we'd like to tell you that the SEED happens at 950 W. Wrightwood, Chicago, Illinois 60614 (phone 929-0133). Comes out bi-monthly and this issue is dated July 14. You can have a year's subscription for \$6.00, and application to mail at second class postage rates is pending at Chicago, Illinois.

This issue is brought to you by combined (sweaty) efforts of Rich, Rita, Earl, Diane, Bernie, Virginia, Uncle Martin, F.L.O.R.A., Donovan, Chuck Morton, Starkist Tuna, CWRO, Dr. Epod, Mick, Freda, the nark, M.D.D.A., unidentified tip-givers, Martha, Bill, Shrimp Creole, Gary Larson, Debbie, CAGLA, Steve, Abbie Hoffman, LNS, Jamie and hosts of street-selling freaks.

As usual, we're in need of your articles, poetry, photographs and grafix. The Seed wants you. And please feel free to send or bring us stamps, 11 x 14 inch manilla envelopes, photographic screens, a mimeo machine, exacto knives, rapidographs, magic markers, border tapes, spray glue, cassette tape recorders, yellow legal pads, bunk beds, food, money and hole reinforcements.

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THE WELFARE CRISIS



TRY A DAY
ON NIXON'S NEW
WELFARE ALLOWANCE

For piggy types in the state and federal governments, the welfare crisis means that too many people are demanding enough money for basic physical survival. For non-piggy types, the welfare crisis means that too many people aren't getting enough money for basic physical survival. It also means that there are possibilities of big cutbacks happening.

Last year, except in Alabama, Arkansas, Louisiana, Mississippi, South Carolina and Tennessee, a family of four was allowed an annual income of \$1600. The National Welfare Rights organization is asking for a guaranteed income of \$5500. Even \$5500 just isn't adequate to support four people in many states.

Nixon's proposed welfare program is based on revenue sharing. He wants to give the states \$5 billion from federal tax money, without any sort of proportioning to give more money to needier areas. The southern states would benefit most (remember "southern strategy?") but there would be no federal overseeing of how states administered welfare benefits. Those southern residents who would receive a pittance more would be less inclined to get involved in unions, or so it is hoped. Throw the people a bone and they'll keep their place.

On the state level, welfare funds are allocated by state legislatures, a long, complicated process. Aid to the blind, aged and disabled (mostly whites) is fairly uncontroversial and constant. Aid to families with dependent children, general assistance, etc., are very controversial, though, because the number of people needing it is growing steadily. Already, even northern states are trying to kick a lot of people off welfare. Nevada failed, luckily, but a trend was definitely set. Over 12 states have cut or threatened to cut ADC benefits drastically. New Jersey and New York, states that used to raise benefits more regularly than other states reduced benefits last year.

In New York, as of July 1, you can be taken off welfare if you fail for any reason to pick up your check in person. There is tremendous pressure put on you to take any sort of job if you are considered "employable." You are employable if you're over 16 and 1). do not have a "verified significant" illness or incapacity (who verifies significance?), or 2). you're not a minor attending school full time or 3). you're not needed to care for a "verified incompetent" person or 4). you're not needed to care for children for whom day care cannot be found "despite diligent efforts" or 5). You're not of advanced age (over 100?). Besides all this, you now have to have been a New York resident for a year to qualify for welfare.

There's been some response to welfare oppression in New York. Brooklyn blacks got out in the streets and fought back last May, after new cutbacks.

The California scene is one of the grimmer ones.

A weird example is Alameda County's requirement that you can't be under 21 and get food stamps without permission from your parents.

Ronald Reagan is trying to outdo Nixon as welfare "reform" ogre. He thinks people on welfare are bums. They certainly aren't smart enough to figure out little economizing tricks like not paying income tax.

Reagan wants to cut out any provision for work expenses for people getting aid. If you can work, you shouldn't get any help from the state, even if your job doesn't begin to pay for anything.

Romantic Ronnie is trying to put a much smaller flat ceiling on the amount of money a welfare recipient can earn without being totally disqualified from getting aid. With an incredibly fast-growing cost of living, Reagan is actually asking that Californians throw themselves on the mercy of the state. If you keep a little emergency cash, or property or if you're earning anything at all, you shouldn't be getting any aid. Either you're middle class, damn it, or you starve.

And now Tricky Dick wants to get rid of food stamps altogether. He suggests a combined general welfare and food program that would give a family of four a total of \$2000 a year. Even the Democrats, champions of liberalism, think that this is a cool idea. They would even consider raising the amount to \$2450. But in many parts of Amerika \$2450 is still less than 1/2 of what it costs to eat at subsistence level.

The house just passed the Mills Bill and it's in the Senate. As the bill stands now (effective January 1973), a family of four would get an annual income of \$2400. In Mississippi and Alabama, it's now \$700 or less, but no family of four in New York or Chicago can survive even on \$4000 a year (the official 1971 poverty level). In fact, government studies say the minimum amount needed for a decent urban life is \$6500.

One of the only good points of the Mills bill is that it drops restrictions on families that include an employed father or an unemployed adult male. A family getting aid would be allowed to keep the first \$720 of earned income plus 1/3 of all earnings above that,



Last week, Reagan vetoed part of the new California budget which required the legislature to keep welfare payments at their present level.

Closer to home, we have the lovely example of Governor Ogilvie. First, he offered to give Yellow Cab and Checker Cab a list of 1000 people on welfare. If any of them refused a job driving taxis, they would "no longer be on welfare." The Chicago Welfare Rights Organization charged the governor with violating an Illinois law protecting the identity of welfare recipients. Of course, nothing was done about the charge.

Ogilvie says that skyrocketing welfare costs are a problem for all governors and that there's an extreme need for reform of public assistance programs. Now, he's considering cutting welfare payment (but only as a "last resort"). Cutting back on welfare spending wouldn't affect any influential voters, of course, the way increasing property taxes, for instance, would.

Ogilvie was responsible for stopping a 3% cost-of-living increase in welfare benefits, although in the past, such increases have been almost automatic. He's also planning to sign a one-year residency requirement bill.

In Illinois, if your welfare check is stolen or gets lost in the bureaucratic red tape, the state refuses to replace the missing check. Getting on welfare in the first place is a long, degrading process and almost immediately, the pressure to get a job is put on you. If they can't find you a job, you may very well be put to work cleaning up the welfare offices or doing other shit work for them. The hours you work to earn your check often put you in a situation of slaving for much less than minimum wages.

Good ol' Congress just passed a new food stamp law. You can get \$160 worth of stamps per month for a family of four if you first agree to take the most menial jobs at \$1.30 an hour or less. Also, now everyone in a household receiving must be related individuals. This fucks over communes, but worse, it fucks over poor families who have doubled up so they can afford their rent. The only way to get around the food stamp restriction is to live alone, having cooking facilities and prepare your own food. Individuals in communes could get away with this, but probably not poor families living together.

without losing welfare benefits.

Under the Mills Bill, "employable" persons would have to register with the Secretary of Labor to be trained, counseled, coached oriented etc. Then you could have the added joy of knowing what kind of job you could get if Amerika weren't having a recession. The bill also says that mothers of children over age 6 (after 1974, mothers of children over age 3) must work. Lack of acceptable child care is not recognized as grounds for refusing employment or training. Parents must accept work at 75% of the federal wage or \$1.20 an hour.

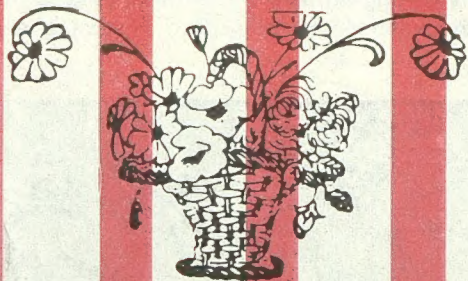
It seems that you can't win. Whether welfare is administered on the federal or state level, the recipients are going to get the worst possible deal. Amerika consistently refuses to give a shit about any of the victims of its capitalist system.

--Virginia.



FESTIVAL OF LIFE

The Festival of Life, an 8 day rock festival in Louisiana, didn't turn out exactly the way it was posed to. The ads for the fest promised a large number of name groups, 24-hour-a-day music & free food in exchange for a \$30 ticket and heavy anti-free-festival security. But the state of Louisiana made it impossible to use the island site initially planned, and used (il)legal means to delay the festival for 5 days, forcing the people to live beside the highways leading to the site. A federal ruling finally opened the festival, this time on a 700 acre meadow site that was surrounded on 3 sides by a river and was controlled on the 4th side (the main gate) by assorted state & local pigs. The site quickly took on the aspects of a refugee camp, the grass died and turned into dust, the sun shone at 105 degrees and over, people ran out of food and money but weren't allowed to have the site and over 2/3 of the advertised groups cancelled because the festival was bankrupt and couldn't afford to pay them: the groups that played were Delaney & Bonnie, Steve Sills, Country Joe, Chuck Berry, Amboy Dukes, James Gang, John Sebastian, Chambers Brothers, Melanie, It's A Beautiful Day, and lots of local groups.



Talking Rock Festival Blues

--By Shrimp Creole
illustrations by Hush Puppy.

Well, I stuck my thumb out, side the old highway
And these freaks come by, they wuz goin' to La.,
And they said, "Hey sister, come & make the scene,
Cause the music's good and the grass is clean"
I said, "Music?"
They said, "Yeah,"
So dig it--
Life
Dope
n
Rock 'n roll."

Well, we trucked on down L'weeziana way
Till we met these pigs, they wuz blockin' the way,
'N they said, "Sorry, yah cain't go in thah, boy
This's a God-fearin' county and this gun ain't no toy."
We said, "Gee..."
Stuck the dope in our pants,
And got the hell away from that poh-lice car!

Went round the corner and we met a sister,
She said, "Fuck that pig, he don't dig on our history.
Y. We all just wanna be free.
We're camped on that hill, it's a good place to be."
We said, "Farout!"
Campin on the hill
Sisters and Brothers.

Well, the state wuz still doin' it's courthouse thing,
Said the fest was conspired by a communist ring,
and they sure didn't want that shit in their state...
We said, "Sorry, pigs, a little too late.
We're here,
motherfucker,
and we're stayin'!"

So we waited ten days, camped out on that hill,
Feedin' each other, just waitin' until
They opened the gates to the festival.
(If the pigs don't do it, the people will!)
Sunburnt.
Dirty.
Learnin to love each other.

Well, they finally decided to let us in,
With two hundred thousand freaks, ya just gotta win.
Runnin free on 700 acres of land--
And we all just stood there holdin' hands.
We were a city
That Loved
Eachother.

We dug out caves by the river side
Cause it's cooler there--easier to stay alive,
And we helped our people sneak in through the gate,
But there weren't no music.



And we hadn't ate
For about 2 days.
No money.
And we wuz gettin'
HUNGRY!!

Well, the only music you could hear on the land
Wuz our rumblin' stomachs (and that ain't a good band).
So we started a snake dance, runnin hand in hand--
2000 freaks took the concession stand!
Free food
For free people.

But the pigs sent word that it weren't a good thing,
Cause the Health Department wuz just waitin' t' bring
The national guard (and they weren't gonna sing).
It seems
Free food
ain't
Healthy...

So we said, "Ah, hell, don't give us that shit,
Coss the Nation can't dig on that legal bit
You can have your lousy concession stand,
But these are our people and we're makin' a stand!"
So we made a free kitchen--
Beans.
Rice.
And a lot of reefer.

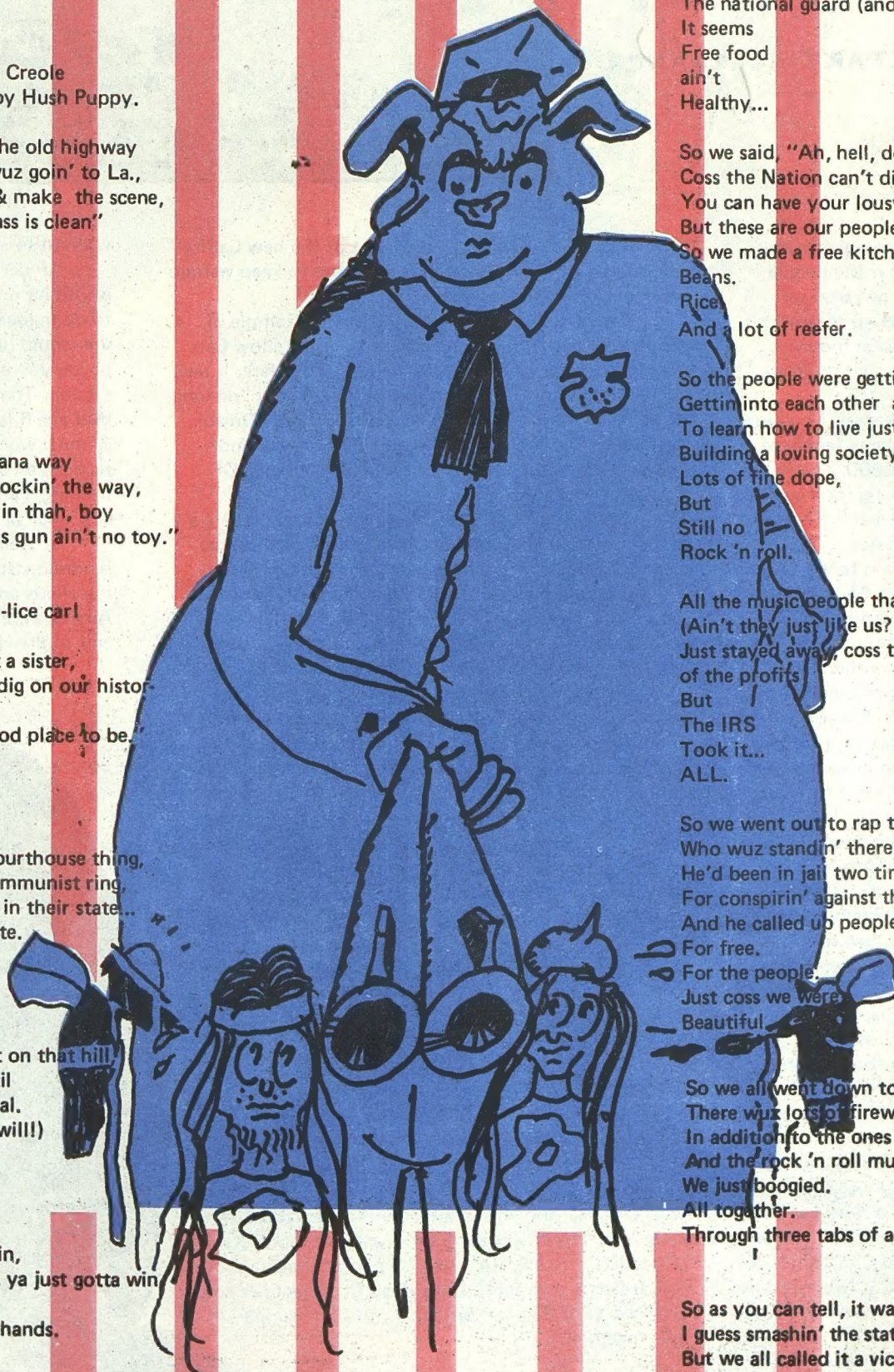
So the people were gettin together real fine,
Gettin into each other and really tryin'
To learn how to live just wild and free,
Building a loving society.
Lots of fine dope,
But
Still no
Rock 'n roll.

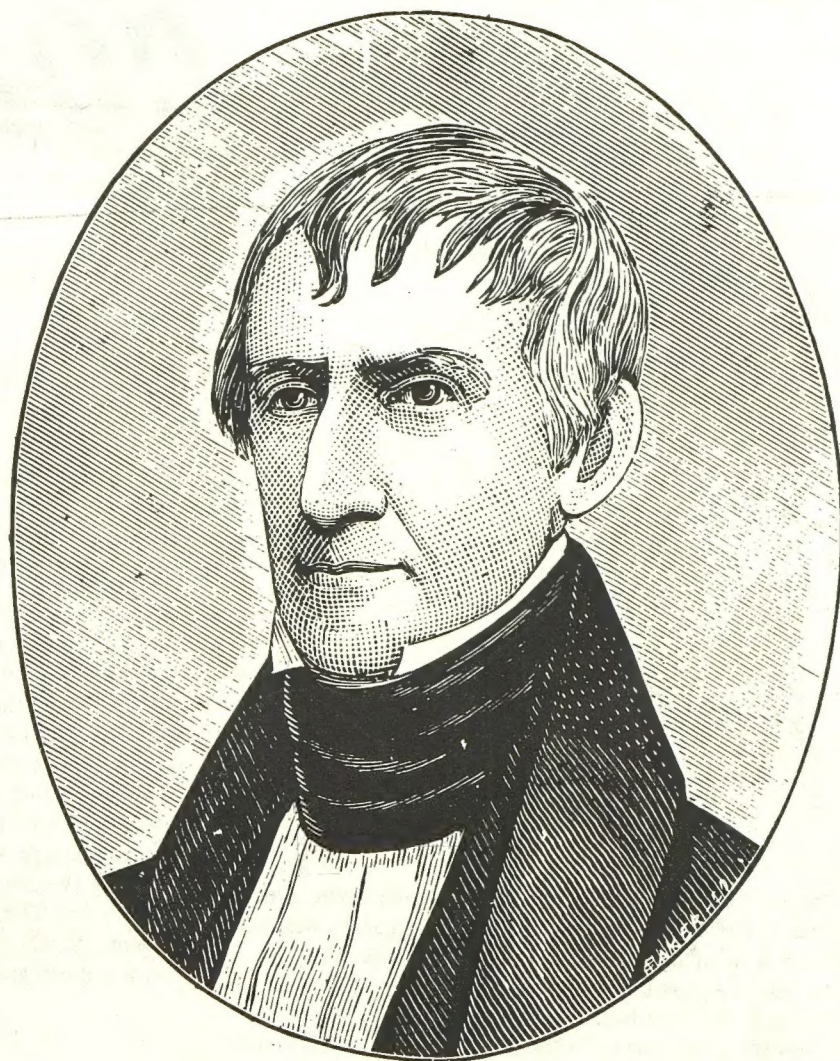
All the music people that wuz suposed to be there
(Ain't they just like us? They got long hair....)
Just stayed away, coss they wanted their share
of the profits
But
The IRS
Took it...
ALL.

So we went out to rap to the promoter man,
Who wuz standin' there with a phone in his hand.
He'd been in jail two times that day
For conspirin' against the Amerikan way,
And he called up people and asked them to play.
For free.
For the people.
Just coss we were
Beautiful.

So we all went down to the stage that night,
There wuz lots of fireworks and colored lights,
In addition to the ones in our minds.
And the rock 'n roll music wuz comin' on fine.
We just boogied.
All together.
Through three tabs of acid.

So as you can tell, it wasn't all breezy--
I guess smashin' the state just ain't all easy.
But we all called it a victory.
Sure it wasn't all perfect; there's a lot more to be
Done before the world is free--
Lovin'
Fightin'
Growin'
Stronger than the Amerikan Empire!!





INDIANS PALEFACES

TUE 2-2

The Chicago Indian Village (CIV) is different from the other movements in that the occupation of the Nike missile site at Belmont Harbor was not only a dramatization of the plight of the Indians in Chicago but a last ditch desperation move by a proud people with no place else to go. These are not young people here, these are the older people who have been disgraced and humiliated for years. They have seen their culture destroyed by the steamroller of the white Kulture. They have been shoved in the gutter and kicked into the jails. Their children have been penalized for being Red. Every effort of the power structure has been bent towards their total destruction as a people and as individuals. The people at CIV after 20, 30, 40 and even 70 years of this sort of humiliation and degradation have fought back. With nothing but an unconquerable pride they have challenged the entire power structure of Amerika. They have brought their children, their backs are against the lake, this is their last stand.

04:30 July 2, Something is up along the lake-front at Belmont Harbor. Chicago pig press is massing in the parking lot in front of the CIV. Not all of the newspapers or TV, just the especial friends of the pigs, the lot has been blocked off and no one else will be admitted, the other press people will have to walk in often dodging rush hour traffic across the Outer Drive. The People have taken boat trailers from the Marina and further barricaded the front gate. Channel 44 arrives--the only news inside the lines.

05:00 Pigs show up 5 paddy wagons full many squad cars. The park department shows with three trucks. They attack the fence with wire cutters. The Park Department (PKD), one hardhat supported by from 5 to 20 pigs try to cut the fence. CIV drive them off with pipes and buckets of water.

05:15 The fighting started at the gate, it has now spread around the entire perimeter. The street medics have set up shop right next to the CIV HQ. They have an ambulance and expect to use it.

05:20 The PKD & pigs cannot force the fence, they now try to force the front gate with a PKD truck. The CIV fight back, they start breaking the walls facing the harbor for ammunition, the children too young to fight have been placed in underground bunkers with a guard at the door. It remains me of Nam, of search and destroy, it is the same struggle.

05:25 CIV has brought up their cars, their last possession to the front gate, they are chaining them up to block the gate. The CIV have gathered all of their empty bottles and are filling them with gas.

05:30 The farce continues, 150 pigs versus 30 Indians, the Indians are winning! CIV breaks the nozzle off of a cutting torch on the front gate. PKD tries to break the front gate with a boom truck it is driven off of his land, seeking shelter somewhere. No money even for milk for the kids.

06:00 Couples are saying goodbye to each other, everyone is promising to fight to the death. This isn't rhetoric, they have no other place to go. The pigs try to negotiate, they are told where to go.

06:10 More police, a fire truck, more PKD boom trucks, This entire city of Daley's is scared of 30 Indians. They (PKD PIGS) are massing all along the fence.

6:22 Six boom trucks hit the fence at once, CIV tries to resist with fire bombs, rock and clubs. 3 Indians try to rush a truck guarded by 30 pigs, they are maced, gassed and driven off. The scene is repeated all along the fence. The Indians are being forced back by sheer force of numbers. It is no rout they fall back fighting.

6:33 The main fighting is still at the gate. The PKD/PIGS keep rushing the gate, they are driven off and even counterattacked. The boom truck is bombed, it is only saved by the fire department.

6:40 Street people are coming in through holes in the fence or over it, they join the medics who are busy of the firing lines. To the sound of Indian music the people White, Red and Black are fighting back against oppression. Three News copters are flying overhead. It is exactly like Nam now. The PKD/Pig blitzkrieg is advancing smashing anything that they can. They are pulling down the buildings running over the tents, there is little looting. The Indians have nothing left worth taking.

6:50 The enemy forces have taken half of the base. The CIV have been flying the Amerikan flag. The enemy takes it and throws it into the sewer.

7:05 a group of Indians and whites hijack a boat across the bay, run it on to the sea wall and burn it. It is too little too late. We are out of bricks, gas, bottles, but not out of courage. Carol is taken fighting, is maced, beaten and dragged off, while her children watch and cry.

7:25 The police continue to press in. The people are surrounded. A shot is fired by the pigs. It is over. The medics surround the children, one

boy around 9 has to run a gauntlet of swinging clubs. The pigs make arrests, beating and kicking. Half of the people arrested are street people who have joined the struggle.

The kids are crying, the PKD continue to destroy the big deisels crushing and fouling what is left. The pigs try to keep the news out, they don't want a record of what they're doing.

7:42 Mike up and leaves just walks out and heads south. The pigs don't know what to do.

8:30 We are stopped across from the animal farm at Lincoln Park. Mike waits for the stragglers to catch up. There is some debate, most people are crying they have again been pushed out of their homes, there is nowhere to go. We have been joined by people from Cesar Chavez's union.

8:40 The melancholy parade continues, a scene often repeated in Amerikan history, The Indian, driven off his land, seeking shelter. When they try to break the front gate with a boom truck it is driven off with molotovs, stones and guts. Carol Warrington stands at the gate with a shotgun saying that she will kill the first pig to enter their land. It is a bluff--there is no ammunition--no money for any.

9:15 We have stopped at the 4th Presbyterian Church at 125 East Chestnut. Swenson (pastor or curate grants them sanctuary.

9:20 The pigs arrive --they try to get the church to deny the Indians shelter. The pigs state that the Indians are criminals and the church could get into trouble. They leave soon after.

Later: Daley's slimy mouthpiece (Donovan) show with his tongue looking like a cat of nine tails. He is shown below to the basement. He is greeted by such a hostile silence that he backs out white in the face. Ogilvie's mouthpiece shows up and talks with Mike. Nothing was resolved as of 3:30 June 2.

--our thanks to the author of this article (which was unsigned, but corroborated by members of CIV, and is accurate).

(see page 25 for continuation of events)



COMMUNITY NEWS

EVANSTON LIBERATED

LEAVE THE ROBBING TO US

Be careful at the Greyhound station downtown. One 19 year old black brother from Alabama recently walked into the men's room there and six thugs (three white, three black) jumped him, threw him on the ground, broke his hand, beat him and took his money. While this was going on, one of "Chicago's finest"—a uniformed po-lice-man was sitting in a stall taking a shit. He did nothing. We hear that this group of people still hangs around the Greyhound station and thag several cops leave them alone in exchange for a cut of their takings. "We serve and protect."

An anarchist horde numbering between three thousand and six, having gathered from as far as Wrightwood and Ann Arbor, participated in Evanston's Fourth of July Parade (which was July 9). Behind a colorful guard of three black flags, the paraders centered around a curb-to-curb banner patriotically quoting, "God forbid we should ever be twenty years without a rebellion. Thomas Jefferson," and inciuded a kid about 8 on a bicycle with a WE ARE EVERYWHERE sign, an assortment of patriotic placards, including "Many a lousy show has been saved by the flag. George M. Cohan," "Freedom is the right to yell THEATRE in a crowded fire," "We Dare Be Free, Sons of Liberty, 1774," "There is no such thing as good government," "Guard against the pos-

tures of pretended patriotism. Geo. Washington 1796," a dog, black, of course, and a couple of lost trots with a North Vietnamese flag.

To the surprise of the paraders, the reaction was mostly favorable, in all age groups. Hecklers were answered. The only serious problem oas a drunk jumping one of the flag carriers, but he was pulled away quickly. When the group was leaving the staging area, one or two harried-looking men in white shirts seemed to have some objection, but in keeping with the parade's official theme of Independence on Parade, they didn't make much difference.

the St. Macchabeus Society

THE PEOPLE'S SCHOOL

The People's School at 4409 N. Sheridan Road is an alternative learning center, "a place to become." It provides a way of learning which is different from high school because students learn what they choose to learn—not what is chosen for them. People's School offers two kinds of classes: survival and liberation. Survival classes include tutoring for the ED exam, English for Spanish speaking People, and various technical courses. In other words, any subject that the students feel will help them to live and to live better. Liberation classes, which are frequently taught by participants in the Survival classes, include art, philosophy, music, psychology, creative writing and any subject for which students show an interest or feel a need. The People's School fosters any person's desire to learn or teach any subject which interests or concerns them.

People's School began about three years ago with a group of high school students who were in and out of school for one reason or another and two Vista volunteers named Zack and Dave. They started a "school" because they needed a way to learn but couldn't hack high school. They based their new way of learning on the practice of collective decision making. The students decided what programs they needed and wanted. Those programs were offered by the People's School. After three years and the changes that came with time, collective decision making still holds the People's school together. Thus the course offerings are those chosen by the students now.

This summer, the People's School is offering English, Creative Writing, GED tutoring, Philosophy, a film festival, and a course in civic investigation taught by Sherman Skolnick. Some of the students are holding a little kid's camp one night a week. Up until recently there was a food coop for food stamp recipients. But if this food coop is to continue People's School must have a truck. The truck is at the top of the school's priority needs. Another need is money (they have proven that a school can operate on a very little money, but feel that it shouldn't have to.) Also needed are students (of course) and lastly, folding chairs.

Zack, who is at present still the "staff" of the People's School, urges people to start their own people's learning centers. He finds public schools more heinous than he had imagined; failing to socialize middle class kids and not even bothering with the poor. Zack thinks that since people learn in different ways there should be a multiple approach to learning—the learner choosing what he wants to learn and what way is best for him to learn it.

All in all the People's School seems a place of release and enlightenment in a very oppressed area. With a little help from people like those at 4409 N. Sheridan Road, people of many neighborhoods could learn survival and become liberated from some of the forces which keep them down.

—Martha Thomas.

HOT LINES TOGETHER

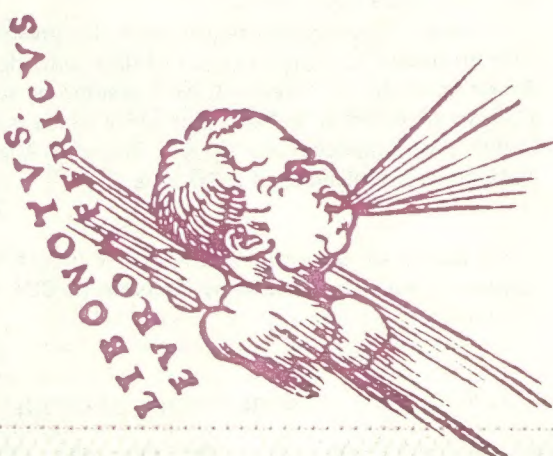
Last week there was a meeting at Grace Church of about 20 of the Illinois area hot lines (drug counseling, runaways, etc.) We are discussing ways and means of better serving our respective communities. One suggestion was one phone number for all referral activities in the Chicago area. Another suggestion was that we coordinate resources. There will be another meeting Wed. — those interested should contact us at 929-3553. Call to get on our mailing list for our upcoming newsletters.

DRAFT

Attorney Frank W. Oliver, who defended the Chicago 15 (15 Chicagoans who trashed a southside draft board) has been barred from practicing law in U.S. District Courts for the next year, because he talked about the case to a Sun-Times reporter. The Chicago 15 were under court orders not to discuss their case publically. Oliver has been reprimanded before—once for holding a press conference in which 35 lawyers objected to security measures at the Chicago Federal Building and he was once fined \$1000 for remarks he made to the jury during the Chicago 15 trial.

Three Morton Grove brothers, Andrew S. Paul, Michael Parmelee and John Parmelee, have been indicted for fire bombing the Selective Service office in Des Plaines twice last summer.

And inductions have ceased at the induction center at 615 West Van Buren—because the draft law has expired. Congress is still debating it's renewal. In the meantime, people are still legally required to register, but no inductions can take place.



JULY 4 -6

Over the July 4th weekend people began to come out in visible and sometimes active opposition to the Empire's War against the Vietnamese. On the fourth there was a block party on Burling Street between Armitage and Willow. A hydrant was open while community folks had free beer and hot dogs. Somebody hooked up a sound system and piped in some rock n. roll with live raps from certain unkept hippies. At the same time the Chicago Peace Council held a picnic in Lincoln Park with speakers from the Movement for a Democratic Military, People's Peace Treaty, National Welfare Rights Organization, and the New Patriot, (a newspaper produced by one John Rossen, owner of the 3 Penny Cinema). Rossen in his speech denounced everyting from Nixon to sexism. It is interesting to note that Rossen didn't say anything against capitalism and is known to have harassed and exploited people who have worked for him and has shown movies in his theatre

that seem to compromise his denunciation of sexism.

Guerilla Theatre was frequent at Plastic Park on Lincoln and Halsted, the Lincoln Park Conservation Assn's answer to it's ousting of 8.000 families from Lincoln Park. People went down leafletting and rapping to the workers at the Honeywell plant, stressing Honeywells' involvement in the War Machine. Apparently no one is going to be resting until the IndoChina war and its roots are stopped and the peace restored---
-----ON THE PEOPLES' TERMS

In the early morning hours of July 6, several unidentified people managed to raise NLF flags at Lakeview High School and a grade school at Seminary and Wolfram without being busted. They also tried at Halsted and Lincoln, but were chased off.

Three walls were spray-painted and several posters saying "There will be no peace in Amerika till there is peace in Vietnam" were put up.

GAY VICTORY

An important legal victory was won to end job discrimination against homosexuals in Chicago. Thirty-one year old Black man Alvin Golden worked as a postal employee for twelve years and was even given a number of awards for his work. Golden is Gay and on March 29, 1969, Chicago cops arrested him for prostitution and soliciting a policeman for prostitution. Golden was never convicted but on February 26, 1970 a court gave him a year's supervision for prostitution and non-suit for soliciting. On May 15, 1970 the Post Office tried to fire Golden without salary. His case was reviewed by postal service officials who believed the police report even though Golden was found not guilty. The Regional Director of the Post Office supported Golden's dismissal. The Post Office charged Golden with conduct "unbecoming a postal employee"; postal regulations do not define this charge exactly. On March 20, 1971 after a number of hearings Golden was fired. Chicago attorney Renee Hanover handled the case and appealed it to the Civil Service Commission in Washington, D.C.

The battle with federal officials lasted thirteen months and the Civil Service Commission reversed the Post Office's decision. Golden was returned to his job with some back pay. Unlike many Gay people who are

fired, Golden chose to fight. The Post Office has dismissed other homosexual workers without being effectively challenged. The federal government continues to treat Gay people as second-class citizens and will not hire them for important civil service positions nor give them security clearances on the ground that they can be blackmailed for homosexuality. However, federal officials never can answer the query that if gay people openly proclaim their sexual preference no one can blackmail them. Many homosexuals are kept in low-paying jobs because of discrimination and their private lives are consequently disrupted. Private employers copy this government policy of refusing jobs to Gay people. Nevertheless, many homosexuals do work for the federal government and firms which do business with it and can be fired for homosexuality too.

A Gay Liberation group known as The Chicago Committee for Gay People and the Law helped with Golden's case and will challenge the government and other employers with similar actions and cases. The Committee held a legal workshop and a press conference at the University of Illinois on June 23, 1971 and a demonstration at the federal building five days later to protest federal employment discrimination against homosexuals. The case was another important event during Chicago's Gay Pride Week celebration.

JUSTICE IN CHICAGO

Judge Joseph Power has received a sealed envelope containing more than one indictment brought by a special grand jury investigating the 1969 killing of Black Panthers Fred Hampton and Mark Clark, but refused in an open court session June 25 to open the envelope until he had conducted an investigation of "possible bias" among the jurors.

The Illinois Supreme Court had struck down a contempt citation against special prosecutor Baranabas Sears, sent another citation back for hearing and granted Power the right to read the secret grand jury transcript and interview the jury as a body to determine possible bias.

Power freaked out in April when it appeared that the grand jury had decided to indict Hanrahan and the cops who conducted the raid that killed Fred and Mark. He demanded that the jury hear more witnesses—but Sears objected that the judge had no right to interfere with his conduct of the investigation.

In most cases, the prosecutor just goes before the grand jury and gets all the indictments he wants—on the flimsiest evidence—but this case is special—there's 14 cops and a democratic politician involved.

Power has extended the term of the grand jury to August 5, but it is possible—very possible—that he will still dismiss it for "bias" and that those who murdered Fred and Mark will remain right where they are—walking the streets, getting ready to kill again.



INTERACTION IN C

Okay kiddies, time to get liberated! Interaction Inc. is now here. We are everything from a dropin center to a pre-school. We are located in Libertyville, Mundelein area and the Niles Township area. I dropped out of Niles West because I was sick and tired of playing a big game. I passed with credit but at the same time I fucked up the guidance counselor, administration and psychologist. The people at Niles Township are very oppressed. In Interaction Inc. we try to help you see that you must have responsibility and self-discipline in regards to your own self needs.

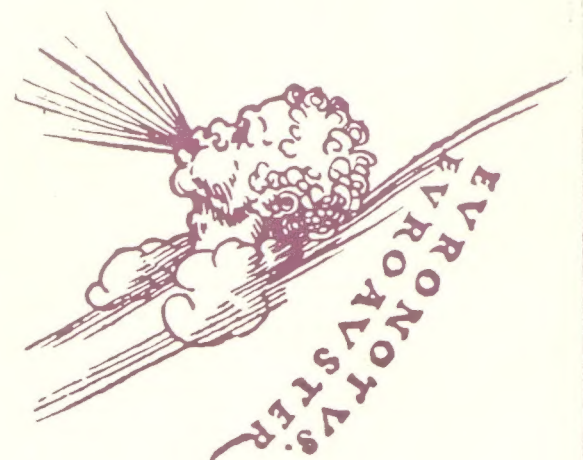
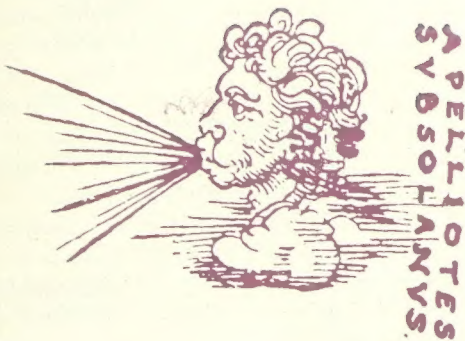
Young people want to grow beyond the limits created by the High School structure. We live in a very power structured society. Very political toward the conservative end. You either play the game or fuck off. In our school which is your school too we don't. If you want to know more about this school, call me at 566-0041.

—Debbie



GUILD

The Guild bookstore, a major source of radical books and underground newspapers on the near north side, has moved. They can now be found at 1155 W. Webster.



EVERYBOD

With this issue, the Seed begins the serialization of the entirety of Steal This Book by Abbie Hoffman, described by the author as "a manual of survival in the prison that is Amerika. It preaches jailbreak. It shows you where and exactly how to place the dynamite that will destroy the walls. The first section—SURVIVE!—lays out a potential action program for our new Nation. The chapter headings spell out the demands for a free society. A community where the technology produced goods and services for whoever needs them, come who may. It calls on the Robin Hoods of Santa Barbara Forest to steal from the robber barons who own the castles of capitalism. It implies that the reader is already 'ideologically set,' in that he understands corporate feudalism as the only robbery worthy of being called a "crime," for it is committed against the people as a whole. Whether the ways it describes to rip-off shit are legal or illegal is irrelevant. The dictionary of law was written by the bosses of order. Our moral dictionary says no heisting from each other. To steal from a brother or sister is evil. To NOT steal from the institutions—that are the pillars of the Pig Empire is equally immoral. Community within our Nation, chaos in theirs; that is the message of SURVIVE!" The first chapter is about Free Food and begins by discussing restaurants:

In a country such as Amerika, there is bound to be a hell-of-a-lot of food lying around just waiting to be ripped off. If you want to live high off the hog without having to do the dishes, restaurants are easy pickings. In general, many of these targets are easier marks if you are wearing the correct uniform. You should always have one suit or fashionable dress outfit hanging in the closet for the proper heists. Specialized uniforms, such as nun and priest garb, can be most helpful. Check out your local uniform store for a wide range of clothes that will get you in, and especially out, of all kinds of stores. Every movement organization should have a prop and costume department.

In every major city there are usually bars that cater to the Now Generation type riff-raff, trying to hustle their way up the escalator of Big Business. Many of these bars have a buffet or hors-d'oeuvres served free as a come-on to drink more mindless booze. Take a half-empty glass from a table and use it as a prop to ward off the anxious waitress. Walk around sampling the free food until you've had enough. Often, there are five or six such bars in close proximity, so moving around can produce a delightful "street smorgasbord." Dinner usually begins at 5:00 PM.

If you are really hungry, you can go into a self-service cafeteria and finish the meal of someone who left a lot on the plate. Self-service restaurants are usually good places to cop things like mustard, ketchup, salt, sugar, toilet paper, silverware, and cups for home use. Bring an empty school bag and load up after you've cased the joint. Also, if you can stomach the food, you can use slugs at the automat. Finishing leftovers can be worked in even the fanciest of restaurants. When you are seated at a place where the dishes still remain, chow-down real quick. Then after the waitress hands you the menu, say you have to meet someone outside first, and leave.

There are still some places where you can get all you can eat for a fixed price. The best of these places are in Las Vegas. Sew a plastic bag onto your tee-shirt or belt and wear a loose-fitting jacket or coat to cover any noticeable bulge. Fried chicken is the best and the easiest to pocket, or should we say bag. Another trick is to pour your second free cup of hot coffee into the plastic bag sewed inside your pocket and take it with you.

At large take-out stands you can say you or your brother just picked up an order of 15 hamburgers or a bucket of chicken, and got shorted. We have never seen or heard of anybody getting turned down using this method. If you want to get into a grand food heist from take-out stands, you can work the following nervy bit: from a pay phone, place an order from a large delivery restaurant. Have the order sent to a nearby apartment house. Wait a few minutes in the booth after you've hung up, as they sometimes call back to confirm the order. When the delivery man goes into the apartment house to deliver the order, you can swipe the remaining orders that are still in his truck.

In fancy sit-down restaurants, you can order a large meal and halfway through the main course, take a little dead cockroach or a piece of glass out of your pocket and place it deftly on the plate. Jump up astonished and summon the headwaiter. "Never have I been so insulted. I could have been poisoned!" you scream, slapping down the napkin. You can refuse to pay and leave, or let the waiter talk you into having a brand new meal on the house for this terrible inconvenience.

In restaurants where you pay at the door just before leaving, there are a number of free-loading tricks that can be utilized. After you've eaten a full meal and gotten the check, go into the restroom. When you come out go to the counter or another

section of the restaurant and order coffee and pie. Now you have two bills. Simply pay the cheaper one when you leave the place. This can be worked with a friend in the following way. Sit next to each other at the counter. He should order a big meal and you a cup of coffee. Pretend you don't know each other. When he leaves, he takes your check and leaves the one for the large meal on the counter. After he has paid the cashier and left the restaurant, you pick up the large check, and then go into the astonishment routine, complaining that somebody took the wrong check. You end up only paying for your coffee. Later, meet your partner and reverse the roles in another place.

In all these methods, you should leave a good tip for the waiter or waitress, especially with the roach-in-the-plate gambit. You should try to avoid getting the employees in trouble or screwing them out of a tip.

(WARNING—In many restaurants the checks are numbered and/or have waitresses' initials on them. Be careful not to rip off these places. At the end of the day all the checks have to be accounted for, and if any are missing the waitress has to pay the bill out of her own salary. Instead of ripping off the institutions you'd be ripping off a sister who has to take enough shit as it is for her skimpy pay)



One fantastic method of not only getting free food but getting the best available is the following technique that can be used in metropolitan areas. Look in a large magazine shop for gourmet digests and tourist manuals. Swipe one or two and copy down a good name from the masthead inside the cover. Making up a name can also work. Next invest \$5 to print up business cards with the name of the magazine and the new "associate editor." Call or simply drop into a fancy restaurant, show a copy of the magazine and present the manager with your card. They will insist that the meal be on the house.

Great places to get fantastic meals are weddings, bar-mitzvahs, testimonials and the like. The newspaper society sections have lists of weddings and locations. If your city has a large Jewish population, subscribe to the newspaper that services the Jewish community. There are extensive lists in these papers of family occasions where tons of good food is served. Show up at the back of the synagogue a few hours after the affair has begun and

give a story of how you'd like to bring some leftovers of "good Jewish food" back to your fraternity or sorority. If you want to get the food served to you out front, you naturally have to disguise yourself to look straight. Remarks such as, "I'm Marvin's cousin," or learning the bride's name, "Gee, Dorothy looks marvelous" are great. Lines like "Betty doesn't look pregnant" are frowned upon. A man and woman team can work this free-load much better than a single person as they can chatter back and forth while stuffing themselves.

If you're really into a classy free meal, and you are in a city with a large harbor, check out the passenger ship section in the back pages of the newspaper. There you find the schedule of departures for ocean cruises. Most trips (these kind anyway) begin with a fantastic bon voyage party on board ship. Just walk on a few hours before departure time and start swinging. Champagne, caviar, lobster, shrimp and more, all as free as the open seas. If you get really bombed and miss getting off, you can also wiggle a ride across the ocean. You get sent back as soon as you hit the other side, but it's a free ocean cruise. You should have a pretty good story ready to go, or you might end up rowing in the galley.

Another possibility for getting a free meal is to go down to the docks and get friendly with a sailor. He can often invite you for dinner on board ship. Foreign sailors are more than glad to meet friends and you can get great foreign dinners this way.

FOOD PROGRAMS

In Amerika, there is a national food stamp program that unfortunately is controlled by the states. Many states, for racist reasons, do not want to make it too available or to publicize the fact that it even exists. It is a much better deal than the food program connected with welfare, because you can use the stamps to buy any kind of food. The only items excluded are tobacco products and alcoholic beverages. In general, you can qualify if you earn less than \$165 per month; the less you earn, the more stamps you can receive. There is minimal hassle involved once you get

by the first hurdle. Show up at your local food stamp office, which can be found by calling the Welfare Department in your city. Make an appointment to see a representative for your area. They will tell you to bring all sorts of receipts, but the only thing you need are a few rent stubs for the most recent months. An array of various receipt books is a nice supplement to one's prop room. If the receipts are for a high rent, tell them you rent a room from a group of people and eat separately. They really only want to prove that you have cooking facilities. Once you get the stamps, you can pick them up regularly. Some states even mail them to your pad. You can get up to a hundred dollars worth of free purchases a month per person in the most liberal states.

Large amounts of highly nutritional food can be gotten for as little as three cents per meal from a non-profit organization called Multi-Purpose Food for Millions Foundation, Inc., 1800 Olympic Ave., Santa Monica, California. Write and they will send you details.

Y'S HUNGRY MOMMA

SUPERMARKETS

Talking about food in Amerika means talking about supermarkets—mammoth neon lighted streets of food packaged to hoodwink the consumers. Many a Yippie can be found in the aisles, stuffing his pockets with assorted delicacies. We have been shoplifting from supermarkets on a regular basis without raising the slightest suspicion, ever since they began.

We are not alone, and the fact that so much stealing goes on and the supermarkets still bring in huge profits shows exactly how much overcharging has occurred in the first place. Supermarkets like other businesses, refer to shoplifting as "inventory shrinkage." It's as if we thieves were helping Big Business reduce weight. So let's view our efforts as methods designed to trim the economy and push forward with a positive attitude.

Women should never go shopping without a large handbag. In those crowded aisles, especially the ones with piles of cases, all sorts of goodies can be transferred from shopping cart to handbag. A drop bag can be sewn inside a trench coat, for more efficient thievery. Don't worry about the mirrors; attendants never look at them. Become a discriminating shopper and don't stuff any of the cheap shit in your pockets.

Small bottles and jars often have the same size cap as the larger expensive sizes. If they have the price stamped on the cap, switch caps, getting the larger size for the cheaper price. You can empty a pound box of margarin and fill it with sticks of butter. Small narrow items can be hidden in the middle of rolls of toilet paper. Larger supermarkets sell records. You can sneak two good LP's into one of those large frozen pizza boxes. In the produce department, there are bags for fruit and vegetables. Slip a few steaks or some lamb chops into the bottom of a large brown bag and pile some potatoes on top. Have a little man in the white coat weigh the bag, staple it and mark the price. With a black crayon you can mark your own prices, or bring your own adhesive price tags.

It's best to work shoplifting with a partner who can act as look-out and shield you from the eyes of nosy employees, shoppers and other crooks trying to pick up some pointers. Work out a prearranged set of signals with your partner. Diversions, such as knocking over displays, getting into fist fights with the manager, breaking plate glass windows and such are effective and even if you don't get anything they're fun. Haven't you always wanted to knock over those carefully constructed nine-foot pyramids of garbage?

You can walk into a supermarket, get a few items from the shelves, and walk around eating food in the aisles. Pick up some cherries and eat them. Have a spoon in your pocket and open some yogurt. Open a pickle or olive jar. Get some sliced meat or cheese from the delicatessen counter and eat it up, making sure to ditch the wrapper. The cart full of items, used as a decoy, can just be left in an aisle before you leave the store.

Case the joint before pulling a big rip-off. Know the least crowded hours, learn the best aisles to be busy in, and check out the store's security system. Once you get into shoplifting in supermarkets, you'll really dig it. You'll be surprised to learn that the food tastes better.

Large scale thievery can best be carried out with the help of an employee. Two ways we know of work best. A woman can get a job as a cashier and ring up a small bill as her brothers and sisters bring home tons of stuff.

The method for men involves getting a job loading and unloading trucks in the receiving department. Some accomplices dressed right can just pull in and, with your help, load up on a few cases. Infiltrating an employee into a store is probably the best way to steal. Cashiers, sales clerks, shippers, and the like are readily available jobs with such high turnover and low pay that little checking on your background goes on. Also, you can learn what you have to do in a few days. The rest of the week, you can work out ways to clean out the store. After a month or so of action you might want to move on to another store before things get heavy. We know one woman working as a cashier who swiped over \$500 worth of food a week. She had to leave after a month because her boss thought she was such an efficient cashier that he insisted on promoting her to a job that didn't have as many fringe benefits for her and her friends.

Large chain stores like Safeway throw away day-old vegetables, the outer leaves of lettuce, celery and the like. This stuff is usually found in crates outside the back of the building. Tell them you're working with animals at the college labs, or that you raise guinea pigs. They might even get into saving them for you, but if they don't just show up before the garbage is collected (generally early in the morning,) and they'll let you cart away what you want.

Dented cans and fruit can often be gotten free, but certainly at a reduced rate. They are still as good as the undamaged ones. So be sure to dent all your cans before you go to the cashier.

Look up catering services and businesses that service factories and office buildings with ready-made sandwiches. Showing up at these places at the right times (catering services on late Sunday night and sandwich dealers at 5 P.M. on weekdays) will produce loads of good food. Legally, they have to dispose of the food that's left over. They would be more than happy to give it to you if you spin a good story.

Butchers can be hustled for meat scraps for a dog, and bakeries can be asked for day-old rolls and bread.

WHOLESALE MARKETS

Large cities all have a wholesale fruit and vegetable area where often the workers will give you tons of free food just for the asking. Get a good story together. Get some church stationary and type a letter introducing yourself "to whom it may concern" or better still, wear some clerical garb. Orchards also make good picking just after the harvest has been completed.

Factories often will give you a case or two of free merchandise for a "charitable" reason. Make some calls around town and then go pick up the stuff at the end of the week. A great idea is to get a good list of a few hundred large corporations around the country by looking up their addresses at the library. Poor's Register of Companies, Directors and Executives has the most complete list. Send them all letters complaining about how the last box of cereal was only half full, or you found a dead fly in the can of peaches. They often will send you an ample supply of items just to keep you from complaining to your friends or worse, taking them to court. Often you can get stuff sent to you by just telling them how good their product is compared to the trash you see nowadays. You know the type of letter—"Rice Krispies have had a fantastic effect on my sexual prowess" or "Your frozen asparagus has given a whole new meaning to my life." In general, though, the nasties get the best results.

Slaughterhouses usually have meat they will give away. They are anxious to give to church children's programs and things like that. In most states,

there is a law that if the slab of meat touches the ground, they have to throw it away. Drop around meat houses late in the day and trip a few trucks.

Fishermen have almost always got hundreds of pounds of fish that have to be thrown out. You can have as much as you can cart away, generally just for the asking. Boats come in late in the afternoon and they'll give you some of the catch, or you can go to the markets early in the morning when the fishing is best.

These methods of getting food in large quantities can only be appreciated by those who have tried it. You will be totally baffled by the unbelievable quantities of food that will be laid on you and with the ease of panhandling.

Investing in a freezer will allow you to make bi-weekly or even monthly trips to the wholesale markets and you'll get the freshest foods to boot. Nothing can beat getting it wholesale for free. Or is it free for wholesale? In any event, "bon appetit."

FOOD CONSPIRACIES

Forming a food cooperative is one of the best ways to promote solidarity and get every kind of food you need to survive real cheap. It also provides a ready-made bridge for developing alliances with blacks, Puerto Ricans, chicanos and other groups fighting our common oppressor on a community level.

Call a meeting of about 20 communes, collectives or community organizations. Set up the ground rules. There should be a hard-core of really good hustlers that serve as the shopping or hunting party and another group of people who have their heads together enough to keep records and run the central distribution center. Two or three in each group should do it. They can get their food free for the effort. Another method is to rotate the activity among all members of the conspiracy. The method you choose depends on your politics and whether you favor a division of labor or using the food conspiracy as a training for collective living. Probably a blend of the two is best, but you'll have to hassle that out for yourself. The next thing to agree upon is how the operations and all the shit you get will be paid for. This is dependent on a number of variables, so we'll map out one scheme and you can modify it to suit your particular situation. Each member of every commune could be assessed a fee for joining. You want to get together about \$2,000, so at 200 members, this is ten bucks a piece. After the joining fee, each person or group has to pay only for the low budget food they order, but some loot is needed to get things rolling. The money goes to getting a store front or garage, a cheap truck, some scales, freezers, bags, shelving, chopping blocks, slicer and whatever else you need. You can get great deals by looking in the classified ads of the local overground newspaper and checking for restaurants or markets going out of business. Remember the idea of a conspiracy is to get tons of stuff at real low prices or free into a store front, and then break it down into smaller units for each group and eventually each member. The freezers allow you to store perishables for a longer time.

The hunting party should be well acquainted with how to rip off shit totally free and where all the best deals are to be found. They should know what food is seasonal and about nutritional diets. There is a lot to learn, such as where to get raw grains in 100 pound lots and how to cut up a side of beef. A good idea is to get a diet freak to give weekly talks in the store front. There can also be cooking lessons taught, especially to men, so women can get out of the kitchen.

Organizing a community around a basic issue of survival, such as food, makes a lot of nitty gritty sense. After your conspiracy gets off the ground and looks permanent, you should seek to expand it to include more members and an emergency food fund should be set up in case something happens in the community. There should also be a fund whereby the conspiracy can sponsor free community dinners tied into celebrations. Get it together and join the fight for a world-wide food conspiracy. Seize the steak!

NEXT ISSUE: Free Clothing and Furniture!

"We want to be known as a car manufacturer and appliance manufacturer, not a merchant of war," a GM official recently told the *London Times*, "but we also want to be ready to profit from the apparently endless series of brush fire wars in which the U.S. seems to involve itself. General Motors had a total of \$708.4 million in war-related contracts from January 1965 through December 1970 and ranks seventh on the list of the 100 top defense contractors. GM and the M-16 rifle, engines for the A-7 attack aircraft and for the light observation helicopter. Explosives, parts for several weapons systems, the Sherman tank, 20 mm. automatic guns for aircraft, and 155 mm howitzers are all in the GM defense line.

Saying "a society which annually parades its women like cattle to award them prizes is alien to our culture, Tanzanian president Julius Nyerere banned beauty contests from this East African nation of 13 million people.

An army-sponsored rock concert at Fort Ord was the staging area for running battles between GI's and MP's Sunday afternoon June 27. Fort Ord was designated the experimental home of the Volunteer Army (VOLAR) in early 1971. GIs here have long hair, mustaches, shorter work weeks, beer and rock music. It's all part of the Army's plan to give the all-volunteer army an appealing public image.

Canned heat headlined the June 27 concert. But before they began the music they gave a pro-war rap ending with: "You shouldn't mind going to Vietnam. That's where the best grass is." The crowd booed and hissed, and soon brawls broke out.

When the music was over, GIs poured into the streets and trashed a Greyhound bus and many Army vehicles. The Drill Sergeant Training School went up in smoke. MP's retaliated and broke into snack bars randomly beating soldiers. They attacked a line of people in front of a base movie theatre. Over 100 GI's were treated for injuries at the base hospital.

WASHINGTON—It was a fun filled Fourth of July in the nation's capitol. The occasion brought together the second annual Yippie smoke-in, the Smithsonian Institutes Folk Life Festival and the U.S. Park Police.

During the morning hundreds of Yippies tried to gather on the Washington Monument to get high, demand the legalization of marijuana, and an end to "CIA smack"—U.S. complicity in heroin traffic around the world.

But the park cops used horses, night-sticks, and motorcycles to disperse the freaks. Police arrested swimmers in the reflecting pool, about 10 people for dope and others for disorderly conduct—in all about 50 people.

At about 1 p.m. about 500 Yippies went to the Smithsonian Institute, where 30,000 were participating in the Institutes Folk Festival. They got near the stage, played music and smoked dope, surrounded by Yippie and NLF flags. Four cops on horseback and one squad car tried to cut right through the crowd towards the stage, but the Yippies began to throw stuff at them. They lit fireworks under the horses and a few minutes later the cops retreated.

Late in the afternoon several hundred Yippies stormed the Capitol steps and hurled hypodermic needles at the building.

The Front for National Liberation of North Kalimantan, a province of Borneo, has denounced recent incursions into their nation by American CIA reconnaissance teams, so-called military "advisors", and technical experts. They have called for American youth and progressive people to struggle resolutely to explain to the American people the aggressive nature of these latest American moves in Asia.

In Chicago, a broad mass-based alliance to support the heroic struggling workers and Peasants of North Kalimantan has been formed. The Committee's central leadership can be reached by phoning 929-0133 and asking for the chairman.

The California Prisoners Union (CPU) is one of three new West Coast organizations of convicts, ex-convicts and friends. The CPU, which is directed by a 15 member state Board of Directors who are all ex-convicts, has recently set up a Prisoner Legal Defense Fund. Much of the CPU's activities are funded by \$4 per year dues contributed by the membership. For additional info, call 916-457-3051 or write the CPU at BOX 2858, Sacramento, California.



ROACHES

Since the Crime Control Act came into effect on February 1st in the District of Columbia, nine people have been seized for preventative detention—arrest of those people the police think will commit a crime in the future. Superior Court Judge George Revercomb ordered all persons connected with the two most recent detentions not to reveal any aspect of the hearings, including the names, ages or alleged crimes of the two prisoners.

Over 80% of Boston University's law students favor legalizing marijuana, according to a survey recently conducted by students. Forty-five percent do not sense a conflict between a lawyer's use of marijuana and his or her duty to uphold the law. 87% of those responding to the survey said that they smoked grass. 24% used mescaline, 14% used LSD and 13% used opium.

More J. Edgar Hoover news: still upset about the rip-off of FBI files from the Media, Pa. office, J. Edgar is trying to hush this one up: someone made off with his birth plaque which used to hold the place of honor in Washington's Capitol Hill Methodist Church.

The recently elected, more or less radical Berkeley town council has allocated \$3000 to the free clinic, in spite of one Conservative's opinion that "those dirty, disease carrying transients don't deserve it." The \$3000 was taken from the Police and Firemen Fund.

Aren't you glad to know that there's no place left in the United States with scientifically clean air? According to Atmospheric Sciences Research Center, Scotia, New York, part of the State University of N.Y., the last truly pure air was to be found at Flagstaff, Arizona. It succumbed to pollution from California. The center measures pollution as 2000 particles of foreign matter in a volume the size of half a sugar cube. Most urban areas now average 15,000 particles, a little less than half of the 35,000 particles the center calculates is deadly to humans.

At the University of Texas, the student government has been deprived of all its funds for the 1971 school year—it seems that one use that the students were making of the money was making loans to women who needed and wanted abortions. The regents have also been making noises about somehow silencing the *Daily Texan*, one of the more independent student newspapers.

Two U.S. Army recruiters got an unusual reception recently at Case High School. Students ripped up the leaflets the recruiters were passing out and one student grabbed both their hats and tore off the emblems, shouting "I ripped the army off!" The two recruiters had to call their superior officer in Milwaukee to get permission to leave the school building because they were out of uniform.

In Titusville, Florida, the police chief, a fellow named Clarence Kirkland, wants to be in charge of screening out of towners coming into the city looking for jobs—whether public or private. The screening would be done on the basis of "moral character" and occupations covered would be those that are "sensitive by nature, such as janitors, school bus and taxi drivers, door to door salesmen, bar, nightclub and hotel employees and astrologers." Under the police chief's proposal, anyone applying for work in these, and other categories, would have to go to the police station and be photographed and fingerprinted, following which she or he would be issued a temporary identification card. Then they would check the applicant's background for felony convictions, "sponsorship of lewd parties" or other "morally offensive" actions. If everything was o.k., the card would be stamped "permanent and the person could be hired. Sound unbelievable? Well, the police chief means it and in the middle of July, the proposal will be considered by the city council.

David Hilliard, Black Panther Party Chief of Staff, was sentenced July 2 to two consecutive terms of 1-10 years after being convicted June 12. He was found guilty of two counts of assaulting a police officer during a shootout between police and Panthers April 6, 1968 which ended in the death of Bobby Hutton and eventually the exile of Eldridge Cleaver.

Meanwhile the re-trial of Huey Newton on charges of killing a cop on the night of October 28, 1967 opened in Oakland. A motion to dismiss manslaughter charges on the grounds that the original indictment was handed down by an unrepresentative grand jury was denied by Alameda County Judge Harold Hove on July 2nd. Huey served 35 months in jail before being freed on \$50,000 bail when a mistrial was declared on his earlier conviction—based on the fact that the judge failed to properly instruct the jury.

Prisoners at Washington penitentiaries are forming the Prison Inmate's Coalition which they hope to expand into a national coalition. They would like other prisoners and supporters to send names, numbers and prison locations to their outside coordinator, Ronn Hanna, Jail and Prison Rehabilitation Project, 600 9th Ave., number 606, Seattle, Wash. 98104.

"FBI chief J. Edgar Hoover," the *Washington Post* reports, "will not touch the delicacies he receives from unknown admirers; he fears someone might slip him some poisoned food. He donates these delicacies to orphanages and other institutions."

RADIO FREE CHICAGO

97.1 FM

If you've always wanted to be on radio ... you might not be too happy at Radio Free Chicago, just because we don't operate like any radio station you've ever heard of, or do normal radio-type shows.

But we do need help. If you know information that other people should know, if you have a ride or a service that you want to offer, if you have something to give away, you should call us. Anytime anything happens in your neighborhood that you think other people should know about, you should call us about it. If there are two or three cuts that you think would sound really killer together, you should let us know. Or, if you're into a particular musical thing you should put a rap together with some music so that other people can get into it too. For any kind of information that needs a long segment, we'd be into making a tape.

Radio Free Chicago is on at 97.1 fm every night at 11:30 except for Saturdays, when we start at 10:00. We're on for an hour and a half on weeknights and three hours on Friday, Saturday and Sunday. Our telephone number is 929-7449.

We've been around for almost a year now, with several vacations for reorganization. The quality of the shows has always varied, and still does vary a lot even from one night to another. At our best we have carefully made specials, like the ones we've had recently on smack and downers, on going on welfare, and on women in prison. An average show usually has music plus various different kinds of rap: news done from a radical perspective, news that you don't get in straight media at all, public service announcements, survival information. We try to keep good contacts with people who are doing things like political projects, or media projects so that we can pass on information about the kinds of things available for people to get into. All of us live in underground culture, so we draw heavily on our own experiences trying to survive in Amerika to do the shows.

We've tried to be different from regular radio. We're organized as a collective, and everyone does everything: the same people who are on the air are also selling ads, doing publicity, and getting news.

We usually don't do shows alone because we want to get away from the dee-jay personality trip. A woman's collective has done one show a week since the beginning, so that women always had a strong voice on the air. (The Suzy Creamcheese collective is on vacation right now, and they're interested in finding women who'd be into doing a women's show.)

After almost a year of being on the air every night and doing a music format show, we're now considering changing to another format. The idea would be to cut down on the hours we're on the air by cutting out weekday programming. Then we'd like to encourage people to really listen to the shows instead of using them as background music the way ordinary radio gets used. We'd pretape all the shows, and that would mean, hopefully, that the shows would be fast-moving and very varied. We'd cover lots of different areas in one show, using short segments. We'd also have more produced things like skits, plays, and news collages.

The thing about electronic media is that it consumes large quantities of material. But that also means that there's much more opportunity for each person to have the media time they need to tell other people about whatever they happen to be into. Electronic media makes it possible to have media that goes from the audience to the audience instead of from a select group of people to the audience. At least that's what we hope. Give us a call or write to us care of the Seed.

TOTAL ACCESS!

DON'T TOUCH
THAT DIAL!

TONITE'S
SHOW
CANCELLED

ON
STRIKE

3 PENNY
CINEMA

After several weeks of attention from the community, the new management of the Three Penny Cinema closed the theatre on Wednesday July 7. They blamed "landlord-labor troubles" and moved the entire Japanese Film Festival, as well as the movie "Freaks" to the World Playhouse downtown.

Community people had leafleted and then picketed the Three Penny, when it was clear that the new management was into changing the theatre drastically, putting an end to the showing of political films, such as "The Murder of Fred Hampton", treating the employees as personal slaves, letting cops in the theatre for free (3 Penny was the only Chicago theatre that didn't up to now) and violating the union contract signed with the Industrial Workers of the World (IWW) last fall. Many members of the community viewed the Three Penny, the films it showed, and the way it's staff had worked together as a part of the counter-culture and saw the changing of Three Penny into a purely commercial theatre as the first wave of an attempt to turn Lincoln Avenue into another Wells Street.

The new managers, Roger Euster and Peter Williams, whose Chicago addresses are 2115 N. Cleveland and 505 N. Lake Shore Drive, Suite 1702 (phone 644-0917), are two over 30 long-haired guys who came to Chicago from New York as part of their campaign to open up a chain of 12 theatres across the country this summer--all of them showing cheap packages of third run movies at first run prices. They got a 10 week lease with option to buy on the Three Penny from owner John Rossen, who wanted to get rid of the theatre because he was losing money. Rossen is a loudly self-proclaimed former communist and still an avowed radical, who nevertheless seems pretty determined to protect his pocketbook at all costs. The price he asked for the Three Penny was \$50,000. He turned down an offer by a person more amenable to working with the old staff.

The first thing that the new management decided was that they didn't want a union at the Three Penny, (they have a long anti-union history, bragging about having run the projectors themselves in their New York theatre during a projectionists strike)--so they first fired union employees--then when they discovered that they couldn't, they attempted to har-

ass them into quitting.

Rossen soon found that they were into cheating him any way they could--placing ads in his name, installing new phones in his name, not paying money they owed him on time.

When activity outside the Three Penny Cinema began, it consisted of two people passing out leaflets explaining the situation. The first night that leaflets were handed out, someone made a rather feeble attempt to start a fire at the theatre. On the second night of leafleting, Euster showed his true colors by threatening to: 1). once again fire the union employees (because of the leafleting), 2). bust the leafleters heads, and 3). pin the arson attempt on them.

A community picket line began Wednesday June 30 and proved to be fairly successful in keeping people away. Williams and Euster "warned" people that they would be "sorry" if the picketing continued. On Friday, July 2nd, they stood in front of the picket line, pushed people off the sidewalk into the gutter, yelled names (they were into calling the employees at the theatre "wetbacks", "ignorant" "wage-slaves", etc. and especially treating women as objects) and they finally called the pigs, charging that the picketers had pushed them! Asked by one picketer whether they had witnesses to lie in court, Euster said: "Sure." Euster singled out three members of the picket line for arrest: Pat Murphie, Bernie Farber and Frank Ehrmann. But turnabout is fair play, so they had Euster and Williams arrested as well, filing counter complaints against them. Cissy Josephs, a three penny employee, filed a complaint against one of the new managers for pushing her to the ground when she attempted to leave the theatre to see one of the leaflets. Frank Ehrmann, one of those arrested, was an employee, and after his arrest, an official strike was called.

In the paddy wagon on the way to the 19th District station, Euster admitted: "you've got us pegged right: we're fascist capitalist pigs who only want to make money." This wasn't the line he handed people in public when he bragged about having presented Tim Leary, H. Rap Brown, etc. in his New York theatre. Before Euster and Roger were carted off with the picketers, Williams attempted to walk away, leading to one of the cops saying: where do you think you're going Junior? By

the time the three brothers arrested got bailed out, the picket line had swelled to 35-40 people. Euster and Williams were still in jail, because they evidently had no friends willing to come down and bail them out.

The arrests and strike reenergized the picket lines. The Saturday night show the day after the arrests showed attendance dropping drastically. By Wednesday July 7, Williams and Euster were evidently ready to give up, closing the Three Penny due to "landlord-labor problems," and refusing to pay Rossen his rent.

In a way, this seemed like a partial victory. But the Three Penny remains closed--at least for now and its future is uncertain. It was still possible Euster and Williams would once again try to return to Three Penny. If they try again, though, they are making a big mistake--for the community is really determined now to keep them out.

Those arrested on the picket lines still had court dates July 14 at 9 a.m. at 113 W. Chicago Avenue, room 200.

Euster and "Junior" Williams have exposed themselves as pig businessmen--regardless of their long hair, hip language and big name dropping. It would be good if people would stay away from the World Playhouse downtown, which they also manage.

It was good to see the community take a stand and (at least temporarily) win a victory over a few of the commercial vultures who feed themselves off our culture. It was the first time for a while in Lincoln Park--but maybe it won't be the last. And it drew people closer together.

--John Wesley Harding

THAT'S
ALL!
FOLKS!



IT COULD HAVE BEEN WORSE

*Well, it's one, two, three, look at that amputee;
At least it's below the knee,
Could have been worse, you see.
Well, it's true your kids look at you differently;
But you came in an ambulance instead of a hearse,
That's the phrase of the trade,
It could have been worse.*

The singer's voice is pleasant. Its guitar accompaniment, a sprightly, talking-blues beat. The tune is old; the words, new. The singer Mark Stapleton, is a medic, part of 2nd Aeromedical Staging Flight (Aerovac), located at Travis Air Force Base in northern California. He is trying to explain, with another medic's song, what it's like to work every day, month after month, with Vietnam's war-wounded, many of whom are set down briefly at Travis on their way to other hospitals across the country.

"Changing a dressing," he says, "is the most immediate kind of contact you can have with a battle casualty. You take off whatever kind of dressings there are and you see the stump; you see the bone and the muscles and the nerve tissues; and you go in with the Q-tips clean it out with peroxide, and put him through a lot of pain.

"Then you put it back on again and the next day you do the same thing if he happens to be there. If he isn't, you know someone else will take his place. You can't say to these guys, 'Well, you lost your leg for a good cause,' since they know they didn't. All you can say is, 'Well, it's bad, but it could have been worse,' and they almost all have buddies where it was worse.... You know," he adds, "You have to look on, not them, but the whole situation with some sort of horrible humor. You just can't do my job day after day and not have some kind of distance between you and the terrible things that are happening to these people."

The Indochina war has forced Mark to insulate himself. As with other medics, this 'distancing' bothers him enormously. It makes him despise the war, but also worry about himself. Any expression of strong emotion seems, in some way, a relief.

"I said to myself I was never going to allow myself to become the kind of person who couldn't cry sometimes. I proved that to myself by crying a couple of days ago."

He was, at the time, treating a soldier who had lost both his legs to a land mine. The soldier had a serious heart condition, too. He was being given "IV's" (intravenous fluids), "and when someone has IV's for weeks at a time, it's what happens to a junkie. After a while they can't find the veins anymore. They had two flight surgeons come in and his veins were so shot that working, one flight surgeon on each arm, they tried unsuccessfully for an hour and a half with a sixteen-gauge needle, which is a huge needle, a monster needle, on this poor kid, and I had to hold his arm.

"Normally, under those conditions, they would have gone to his legs, but he didn't have any legs. And I had to sit there while he went through this incredible pain. When I had a break for about ten minutes, I just went in the john and cried, you know, and came back out again, and that was cool. I was okay."

A graduate of a large state university, Mark remembers a time when he would "walk to summer sessions reading *Conscience of a Conservative* and, to top it off, walk home reading Ayn Rand's *Fountainhead*." While he disliked the war before joining the Air Force, his experiences in the hospital have provided him with a further education. Revelations which have proved shocking to many Americans are accepted as normal at Travis.

While the Administration was still denying our ground involvement in Laos, Special Forces people told him of the "hunter-killer" teams we had long dropped into the area. Before recent exposes of heroin-use among American troops hit the press, he observed "a large enough proportion of guys who come through with serum hepatitis from bad needles to indicate, to me, at least, that a fairly large number of them have had some experience with hard drugs."

And, on the N.L.F., he has noted the respect with which they are discussed by American soldiers. Recently a wounded soldier said to him, "I'm gonna find the VC that got me, and I'm gonna shake his hand, 'cause that was a smart motherfucker, no question about that."

Or they say, "Don't call (the N.L.F.) Charley, call him Mister Charles." For our allies—the ARVN troops, they have mostly contempt.

All this has created a strong conflict in him. He is proud of the care given to the wounded by his Aerovac unit, but it upsets him to think he is supporting the war effort.

"Okay," he says (only partly convinced himself),

"What I do is a horrible job. What I ought to do is admit that it's a horrible job and I shouldn't be doing it and to do everything that I can in terms of resisting the military so that no one has to do my job." Yet, when asked, he is unsure how to go about ending the war.

Tom Sprague, on the other hand, is quite sure. He would pull the troops out "just as fast as they could get on a boat." He would do the same for himself, given the opportunity. Like Mark, he is a college graduate. But unlike Mark, his feelings seem ready to overpower him at any moment.

You feel, talking to him, that he is holding himself under a tight and perilous control. "I'm at a tender point here," he says of his mental state. And again, "From day to day, I don't know if I'm going to go (desert) or not. I'm not where my words are. I should be in prison probably. I don't know if I can make it here."

It is not his job ("I think I'm at the base I'd most like to be at. And doing what I'd most like to do."), but the war, everything he sees and hears about its effects on people, that pushes him so near the edge. "The most widely-read literature among the guys that return from Vietnam, it's comics. Comic books and adventure stories. You know, *Male*. You see the picture of some guy killing somebody and the barebreasted, Vietnamese-type, Asian-looking woman..."

He says in disgust, "These guys are just living in a dream world. They're young, easily influenced. They went there without many values and came out of it a tough Marine. Cartoons! It's the good against the bad. It's always the gooks. In every war we've ever fought, we haven't killed people. Even when we killed whites of the same religion and they looked like us, they were

Krauts...There's tremendous racism. I took one guy up to eat and we were having rice and he said, 'Oh my God! Gook food!' I wonder who we're fighting for if everyone is a gook?"

What upsets Tom most, though, are the dressing changes. "I don't like them, like the stump dressings and the amputations—they smell. And I've still not gotten used to people's bodies looking like that. I'm not callous...I get over it, but I think about it....I can joke with the guy about it. But it's just I can't help thinking, 'Why the hell's this guy lost his legs?'"

Another medic, soft-spoken Art Hammond, feels differently. "When I do dressings, it seems to me that it's already happened to the guy and he's got to be taken care of. You know, you're the one who's doing it, so you do it as good as you can." Art joined the Air Force soon after high school to avoid getting drafted. "After I joined, like about a week after [he laughs], I knew it was a mistake."

Thinking back, he says, "Seeing these guys return, day after day, it's just more reason not to go. Like they come back, every day, every day, these guys are just no legs and no arms and stuff and it's not doing anything. They're just getting wiped out for nothing." What will he do if he gets out of the service? He looks surprised. "Just nothing. Go back to living. Just live a normal life. Then I'll start thinking about what to do."

Mark Stapleton is talking about his feelings on the war. A rare occurrence, his voice rises: "I wish Nixon could have my job for a day. What's sad is that now, thinking about it, I don't think it would change his opinion any; but it's impossible to do my job, to run into people day after day who are going to be crippled and paralyzed for the rest of their lives...for what?"

*It's seven, eight, nine,
Well, he finally died,
Tried to keep him alive,
But he lost the will to survive.
The agony that his life would have been,
Well, you say to yourself as you load up the hearse,
At least it's over this way,
It could have been worse.*



MEXICO, 1984

In Mexico, a country where the same political party has been "winning" the presidential elections for the past forty years, real political awareness is something which develops mainly amongst students who attend the state's senior high schools (Preparatorios or Vocacionales) and the state universities. Even before the massacre of October 2, 1968 at Tlatelolco Square, both the government and the business elite have tried to suppress, discredit, and eliminate the students' struggle to make the people aware of their constitutional rights and of the fact that, little by little, their country is being sold out to foreign business interests. (1)

For the past several months the University of Nuevo Leon, in Monterrey, had been the target of a "reform" by which the governor and his "bosses" (industrialists, bankers and businessmen) hoped to gain control of the university. In the new charter it was stipulated that 31 of 37 seats in the university senate made up of students and faculty, would be limited and replaced by community "representatives" (that is, government controlled union members, members of the Establishment's press and T.V., industrialists, businessmen and so forth.) Oh Yes, 3 seats would remain for the students as well as for the faculty (2).

Because of this, the atmosphere in Monterrey became so tense that President Luis Echeverria intervened, the new charter was revoked, and the governor of the state resigned, as did the chancellor of the university.

In the meantime, the University of Mexico was also earmarked for "reform." But in contrast to what occurred in Monterrey, the President expressed an interest in establishing a dialogue with the students. In order to make their position clear, the students in Mexico City organized a demonstration, 10,000 strong, in which they voiced their support for the students in

and hand-to-hand combat: karate, judo, kendo, boxing, acrobatics, cross-country running, firing practice with automatic weapons and sidearms, sabotage tactics, etc. Some of them are even sent for training to the United States or to Japan.

Their general headquarters and training camps are in two centers: the estate of "La Cuchilla del Tesoro" and "La Colonia San Juan de Aragon."

The young people receive a daily minimum wage of 65 pesos, which is about double the wages of a well-paid worker. Those who distinguish themselves by their daring, aggressiveness, and effectiveness are paid up to 120 pesos daily.

During the Popular-Student movement of 1968 they were organized as a corps specializing in armed repression and were under the leadership of the chief of the Department of the Federal District (Mexico City), General Alfonso Corona del Rosa. He selected the "best" elements of the different shock groups. This included the members of the Department of Street Sanitation, Municipal Market Workers, and the state cheer-leading groups.

They were charged with the machine-gunning of the Colegio de Mexico, Vocational School number 7, Vocational School number 3, and other schools. After the 1968 Movement, they repressed several assemblies, including the November 4th student demonstration at the Politechnic Institute.

With the change of the regime, the new director, Alfonso Martinez Dominguez, not only retained this group but also restructured and enlarged it.

Some of the "Falcons" most recent actions before June 10th included: guarding the terminal of a bus company during a bus strike so "there would be no problems"; attacking students of the State High School and some journalists in the subway-station; sabotaging the railroads in January of this year; and

selfs. Bricklayers from a construction site came to our aid carrying boards.

The "falcons" doggedly returned, but this time backed by a cloud of tear gas. They managed to advance a little but were unable to drive us away and were forced to retreat. From the nearby building people threw us pieces of cotton soaked in vinegar to counter the effects of the tear-gas.

The attackers returned for a third time, but were armed with sub-machine guns M-1, M-2 and M-16 automatic rifles (those which the marines use in Vietnam) and automatic pistols of various calibers. Some compañeros were struck down, some were dead, and others were wounded. At this point, we split up in every direction. Some went towards the School of Education, others to the "cosmos" movie theatre, and others to the English cemetery. Some of the wounded were carried to the Ruben Lenero Hospital where they were helped and hidden by the patients and protected by groups of students. Meanwhile, the "falcons" devoted themselves to massacre, to looting, and to destruction of property. All of this was done under the eyes of the granaderos who didn't stop them. Private automobiles driven by "falcons" were used to pick up dead and wounded people.

When there was no one left in the streets except themselves, the "falcons" began shooting at the buildings and at the people who a moment before helped us against them and who now protected us in their homes. They also fired in rage at the State School of Education.

After looting several houses and kidnapping some of the dwellers, including children, "falcons" appeared shooting right and left on the roofs of houses.

Meanwhile, 3,000 students and city people re-



Monterrey and demanded the release of all the remaining political prisoners of 1968. Heading the demonstration were some of the since-released leaders of the October 2 "massacre" and other student leaders of the same movement who had returned from exile in Chile.

Even though President Echevarria has shown an interest in dialoguing and has frequently indicated a disliking for the repressive methods used by his predecessor, his government has inherited many of the members of the former cabinet. Since 1968, these people have been organizing and supporting with federal money a force of thugs designed to repress any demonstrations which cannot be prevented through the usual legal subterfuges. The following is an account of how these thugs, known as "Halcones" (Falcons or Hawks), broke up the demonstration that took place on June 10. The outcome was 20 to 30 dead, hundreds of wounded, resignations by the mayor of Mexico City as well as the Chief of Police (both of whom were influential in the former regime), and, of course, a promise by the President of a thorough investigation of the events surrounding the incident.

1. The Wall Street Journal, July 8, 1971, page 7.
2. Cf. "La Cultura en Mexico," Supplement of Siempre, June 2, 1971, pp. II-VI.

WHO ARE THE FALCONS?

Approximately 3,000 young people from 18 to 22, recruited from street gangs and from unemployed and uneducated youth, are grouped in fascist-type organizations and are militarily trained to act as shock troops to repress student and popular struggles.

Army captains under the orders of Colonel Diaz Escobar are in charge of their ideological formation—"slanted" classes in history and civics—and of their rigorous training in the techniques of self-defense and

helping several times to control meetings and to intimidate the railroad workers. This control and intimidation was under the direction of a known gangster, Mariano Villanueva Molina, secretary-general of the union.

That afternoon we went into the streets. We gathered together 10,000 students in the Casco Santo Tomas to demonstrate against the State Government's imposition of the charter for the University of Monterrey, against the proposed "University reform" that they wanted to impose on us here, and in support of the struggle of the labor unions and of all the political prisoners in the country.

There was a restlessness amongst us caused by the possible repression, while at the same time we were determined to exercise our right to publically demonstrate. We knew that there were five riot tanks, nearly a thousand granaderos (special anti-riot police) and hundreds of government agents along the route we were to follow.

The hour arrived and we began to march down the Avenida de Los Maestros. Realizing our determination to carry on the demonstration. We had our first clash with the granaderos after they threatened to stop us, but strangely they gave way. A block later, this was repeated, only at the same time they let us through, they blocked the intersections into the Avenida de Los Maestros and formed a narrow corridor through which we passed.

When we reached the Mexico-Tacuba Blvd., we heard the blast of a grenade-launcher and over a thousand "falcons" appeared from behind the granaderos. They were divided into six groups and carried seven foot bamboo poles, wooden clubs and steel rods. Our column was broken into small groups. Armed only with picket signs, we faced the attackers until they retreated.

From the surrounding buildings the people tossed us sticks and other objects so that we could defend our-

grouped and marched through San Cosme Street toward the Juarez Monument in the Alameda Park. After several clashes with the granaderos, they were able to reach the monument.

Students destroyed a police paddy-wagon, others took over a bus and tried to attack the "falcons" but they were machine gunned.

The "falcons" made an armed assault on the Ruben Lenero Hospital and carried off several of the wounded. There were students at the Monument to the Revolution in the San Fernando Square, in the Reforma Avenue, in the Zocalo square, and others at the Juarez Monument. All of us were heading to Tlatelolco voicing our protests, our pains and our indignations. The granaderos were running from one place to another without being able to find us. They were watched by the accusing eyes of the people who now knew what had happened. The night fell.

They called out the army. There were paratroopers and tanks again in the streets as in 1968; in the Zocalo in the Reforma, in the School of Education, and in the Nonoalco housing unit.

Students continued leaving their hideouts and the streets were covered with picket-signs. In the streets there were two vigil lights in the form of a cross next to a pool of blood. They said that a young girl had died there.

It is said that ten, twenty, thirty people had been killed and many more had disappeared. A hundred and fifty compañeros were arrested. These are only a few of the reasons we feel compelled to continue the struggle... as long as there is a breath of life still in us.

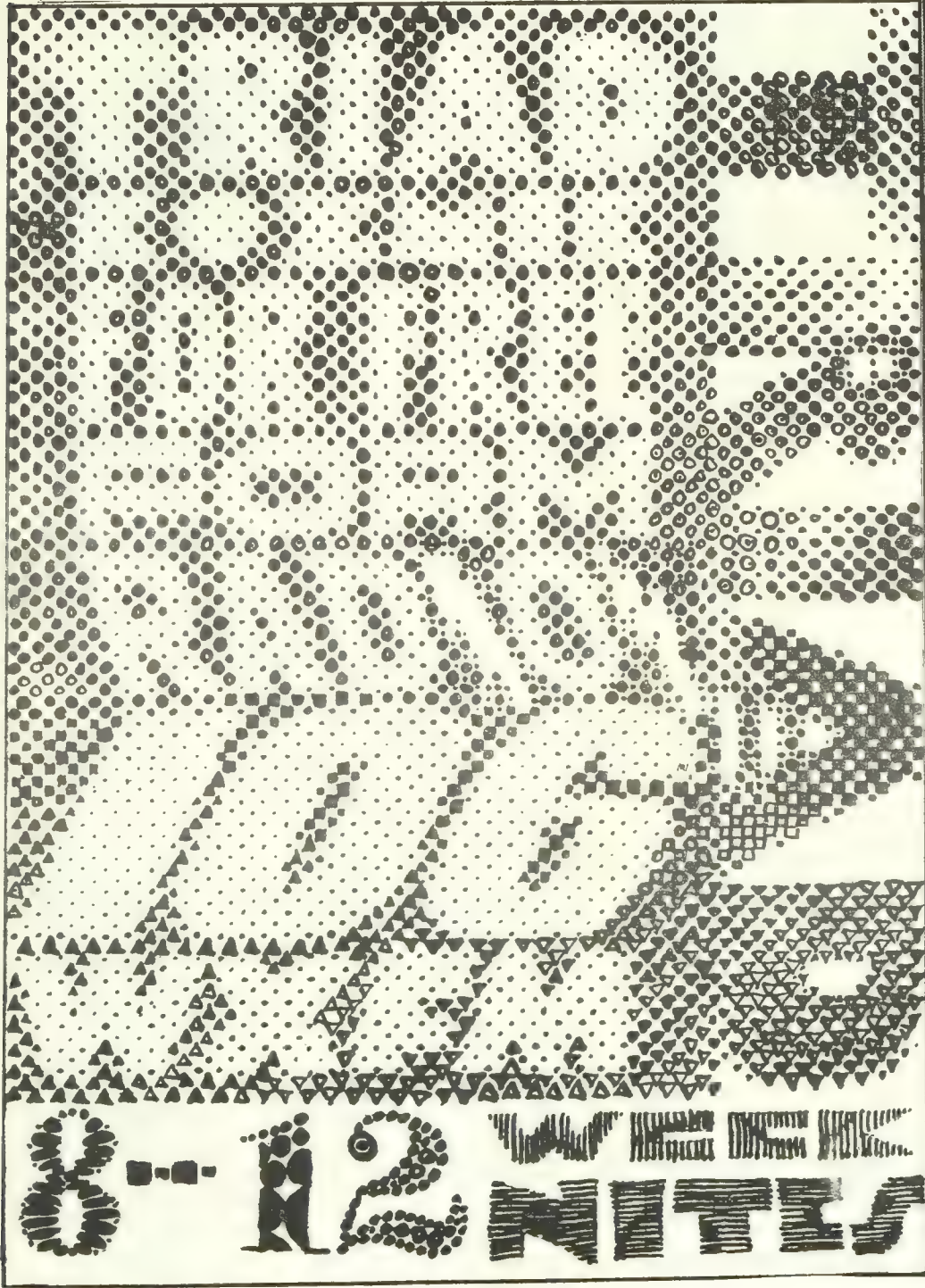
(The introduction to this article was written by the Chicago Area Group on Latin America, which also translated the article itself from the original Spanish.)



Every major country has a screw in it's side
in England it's **OZ**
OZ is England's foremost underground newspaper
OZ is on trial for it's life

John & Yoko have written and helped produce this record
the proceeds of which are going to **OZ** for legal fees
The entire British Underground is in trouble
it needs your help—please listen
GOD SAVE OZ

Written by Lennon/Ono
Produced by John, Yoko, Mal Evans
and Phil Spector
APPLE 1835



IS IT POSSIBLE
FOR A
PEOPLE'S
COLLEGE
TO EXIST
IN THE
U.S.?

We hope so.
We offer a developmental alternative in education for those who want to affect the structure and priorities of our society.
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THE WASHINGTON-BALTIMORE CAMPUS OF ANTIOCH COLLEGE
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Sweet Sweetback

MOO-VEES



Sweet Sweetback's Badass Song is the first full length mass distributed black revolutionary movie — in color and 35 millimeter yet, with soundtrack records and paperbacks timed to be released simultaneously. How it happened is in itself almost as interesting a story as the one in the movie itself and the paperback (\$1 from Lancer Books, 1560 Broadway, N.Y.) contains both the final script and a 109 page description of the process by director Melvin Van Peebles of Watermelon Man fame. Van Peebles wanted to amake a film that would be about "getting the man's foot off our ass." The movie proclaims that it stars "the Black Community" and is dedicated to all the Brothers and Sisters who had enough of the Man.

And it plainly is a film that relates heavily to the feelings and desires of the Black community. The night I saw it, I was one of three white people in the audience—and one of the other two walked out. Huey Newton thought it was an important enough film to devote twelve full pages of the Black Panther Party newspaper to a review of it.

Sweetback isn't about a revolutionary hero—not about a member of a vanguard party courageously serving the people. It's about an unpoliticized brother off the block who finally has enough. Sweetback kills two cops who are beating another black man. When his brother looks up, says "Thanks" and asks "where we going, now," Sweetback can only reply "where you get this we shit?" That is the state of his consciousness then.

He soon finds out that it is, in fact, we. That he needs help to survive—help that he gets from the community around him. Sometimes it's not all he needs—but people do what they can: whether it's giving him a ride, denying that he was seen around, or in one case, setting a cop car on fire so he can escape. By the end of the film, he feels that the life of his black brother Moo Moo, who is a revolutionary, is more important than his because "he's our future."

Sweetback is a brutal film that pulls no punches. It shows the police tearing out a black man's eyes because they think he's Sweetback and then saying "so what" when they find out he isn't. It shows the cops deafening Sweetback's boss Beale, because he doesn't know where Sweetback is—so he can't tell them.

This is a movie about survival. Sweetback runs and runs and runs. Sweetback is determined not to get caught—and he isn't. He makes a mud pack with his own urine to heal his wounds. He drinks muddy water in the desert and eats a raw lizard.

Sweetback acts out concretely some slogans. USE WHAT YOU GOT TO GET WHAT YOU NEED: he uses the handcuffs the cops have put on him to beat the cops

to death: "the very chains of the oppressor can become the tools of liberation." THE SPIRIT OF THE PEOPLE IS GREATER THAN THE MAN'S TECHNOLOGY: unable to use airplanes, trains or cars to escape, Sweetback says: "Niggers got feet."

As the film ends, what flashes on the screen is: "WATCH OUT: a badass nigger is coming back to collect some dues," as Sweetback disappears across a border.

Sweetback has very little dialogue to pronounce—his facial expressions and actions tell you everything. You can empathize with Sweetback easily. And in that sense, Van Peebles has made a very successful movie.

One essential criticism of the film is that throughout it women play a secondary and subservient role to men—they are just there to feed Sweetback as a child and screw him as a man. Sweetback is portrayed as important and powerful because of his sexual prowess. And judging from Van Peebles' book, these aspects of the film are an acting out of his own fantasies and an expression of his own attitudes towards women. (He irrelevantly tells us of his "copping pussy" during the making of the film—trying to make it come off nonchalant but bordering on bragging.)

Sweetback also falls down in that while it expresses rage, it doesn't even hint at solutions or programs—but then again—that's probably why it can still be mass distributed in establishment theatres.

Sweetback isn't currently playing in Chicago. It closed after a relatively brief run downtown. But word is that it'll be around Chicago soon again. When it is, you should go see it.

—Bernie

"We all live in a....."

If you haven't seen it before, you've really missed something—but you still have another chance to get in on this summer: yes, the saga of the Blue Meanies and their invasion of Pepperland, the Beatles and their striking resemblance to Sgt. Peppers Lonely Hearts Club Band....YELLOW SUBMARINE in beautiful blooming color is coming back to the Biograph Theatre the week of July 23rd. Be sure and see it.



A BRIEF REVIEW OF A "CRITIC"

One of our most unfavorable film critics around Chicago these days is the Sun-Times own Roger Ebert. On two successive days recently, our friend Roger managed to:

1) ridicule the pickets at Three Penny Cinema without mentioning that they were there because there was a strike—and without mentioning what their grievances were.

2) insult gay people by talking about the "largely swish audience" going to see "Fortune and Men's Eyes."

But this is nothing new. We remember several years back when Roger pronounced his disdain for the audiences at "Battle of Algiers" who cheered the "senseless violence" by which the people of Algeria made a revolution. And we also remember the bang-up job of script writing that the highly pretentiously intellectual Mr. Ebert did on Russ Meyer's sex and violence extravaganza "Beyond the Valley of the Dolls."

FORTUNE AND MEN'S EYES

"The Boys in the Band" was the first openly gay commercial movie in that it dealt with gay lifestyles as well as isolated homosexuality. Now we have a gay liberation film, "Fortune and Men's Eyes" at the Esquire. "Boys in the Band" said: "Here we are. Please accept, tolerate, and understand and forgive us. Thank you." "Fortune" says: "This is me. I am the truth about you. I can set you free. If you can't dig it, fuck you." It is also a dynamite prison flick. I really dug it.

The film is based on the 1967 play by John Herbert, an ex-con, and focuses on four cons who share a cell: Queenie, a flamboyant, bitchy drag queen whose remnants of dignity thrash about in transvestitism, speed, peroxide, and some of the sharpest camp humor I've ever heard; Mona, an introverted intellectual, victim of a gangbang by punks and then jailed for solicitation (it happens all the time); Rocky, a hustler who kids himself that he's straight and who dreams of being a successful pimp; and Smitty, busted for grass by his father. (In the play, Smitty had "borrowed" a car; the 70's equivalent of that is, I guess, grass—something that average teenager and parent have run up against.) Obviously, the four are, to an extent, stereotypes; the film's message is that the story it presents is a common one, and almost every con falls into one of these roles at some point. We see Smitty's transition from a good kid with a good soul into a brooding, vengeful con, wasted before his time, and an enemy of society created by that society. The prison is a microcosm of that society: everyone lying in wait for his chance at power, alone, alienated, hostile, thus vulnerable to society's control. We see beatings, rapes, and drugs as means of manipulation by the power structure.

The big weapons are violence, either real or threatened, and sex, either real or promised; the film equates sex and violence to an overwhelming degree. The film focuses on Rocky's big play for power using Smitty's body as the pawn; when Rocky blows it, he completely falls apart. Then we see Smitty tentatively flexing his muscles, becoming aware of his own power. He then becomes the lover of a trustee, and then tries to move to a position of independence. The problem, of course, is that there can be no independence in a society defined by levels of power. In the end, Smitty has become a hardened con, and Queenie's last line, though preachy, is right on: "There'll be other Smittys."

But where the film makes its point is not in plot development, but rather in the strength and truthfulness of the individual images, dialog, and characters, and by the consistently tense mood created by director Harvey Hart. Anyone who saw the Hull House production of this play is in for a surprise. Bob Siskinger directed the play all at one level — loud, violent, big and scary. This was effective, for it left the audience disoriented and dehumanized the way prisoners are. The film is equally effective in a different way: everything is quiet, brooding, and threatening. The unexpectedness of minor incidents of violence makes one very suspicious within a brief time, and the camera focuses on such details as the unwrapping of a chocolate bar or the replacing of razor blades so that the audience is ready for anything. The result is, again, disorientation and dehumanization. Finally, everything explodes in a scene which, though not having much to do with the plot, has everything to do with the film: Queenie's drag striptease. Like the orgy in "The Damned," the rites of manhood in "A Man Called Horse," and the Battle of Little Big Horn in "Little Big Man," this is the scene in which everything comes together. I was reminded of "Marat/Sade," in which de Sade's play inflames the inmates to riot; so does Queenie's strip. It's a genuine drag show, with the anger, hostility and pride. It is an insult to women, to heterosexuality, to society in all its sexism. A real, honest-to-God drag show, gaudy, vicious, hilarious, bawdy and flagrantly homosexual. It's Gay Pride, baby. It's shoving the table scraps of society right back up their ass.

I suppose it's anticlimactic of me, but I want to mention the specific actors, who are all superb. It's a joy to watch their roles grow with skill and energy. Michael Greer plays Queenie as well as Queenie can be played; he knows just where it's at. Wendell Burton does a really nice job with Smitty, bringing a toughness to his basically gentle quality seen in "The Sterile Cuckoo." Zooey Hall plays Rocky for all it's worth, building cockiness and frailty with acting tricks so beautifully obvious, they work. Danny Freedman, who looks just like the kid in "A Thousand Clowns," makes Mona a much stronger character than I was ready for; but Mona is in many ways the key character in much of the action because of his refusal to let his mind sink beneath the chaos that his body is subjected to. It is he who

reads the Shakespearean sonnet from which the title is taken: "When in disgrace with fortune and men's eyes/ I all alone beweep my outcast state/ And trouble deaf Heaven with my bootless cries/ And look upon myself, and curse my fate... "Lazaro Perez plays Catsolano, a new character from the play who has a run-in with Rocky that puts him right into the hands of the guards, with maddening cockiness; he refuses to see what's going to happen to him until it's too late. All the performances are really beautiful, including the extras, who I understand are ex-cons. Their faces are just incredibly expressive and so young; none of them was over 25; yet they were so hard. The film wouldn't work without them; with them, everything that happens is undeniably real. Everything in the movie works. Go see it.

—Bill Williams

"WHAT'S THE MATTER, BABY, AREN'T YOU LIBERATED?"

"Everybody's doin' it..." Fucking around, I mean. There are lots of different forms, monogamy, polygamy, multiple relationships, plain old one night stands, juggling acts. But nobody doesn't believe in sexual liberation.

The best morality in a relationship must be, first, for people to know what they're involved in, and who else is involved, and second, for people to like the situation they're involved in. Many of our most eager searchers after sexual liberation support that moral philosophy. Of course, they usually manage to leave a trail of broken hearts and nervous wrecks behind them, too.

There was a time when monogamy was taken as a norm; if someone wanted to deviate they saved hassles by just not telling. (Of course, there was a double standard by which women usually suffered more than men for doing it.) Some people still fall back into that bag because either they or their partners still think monogamously. But now the norm is starting to be some kind of sexual freedom. The kind of sexual freedom isn't well-defined, so it's easy to make people feel like they're deviating ... ads do it all the time. So do men who tell women they're not liberated if they don't fuck.

In fact, people bring different goals and expectations into relationships. One person needs the other more, wants more of their time, or affection, or needs a longer lasting relationship. Men as a group and women as a group are culturally trained to want different things, and maybe they are actually generically different.

Those differences often don't get talked about on anything other than a name-calling level.

"You're being possessive."

"You don't love me."

Which is all a way of saying "Deviant."

And the person who wins is the one who can hold out longest.

Every woman is taught, a, that all a man wants is sex and, b, that her main lever for getting what *she* wants is what *he* wants. Funnily enough, bed is one of the places where the taboo against talking about your needs is the strongest.

You can be friends with a man you don't want to fuck. You can sometimes be friends with a man you used to fuck. But it's HARD to be friends with a man you are fucking. Sex changes things.

... is part of the lore that women teach each other.

And bed is the place where people have been most manipulated by bullshit about what's "normal."

"Neither men nor women, but especially not women, are biologically built for the single-spouse, monogamous marital structure Generally, men have never accepted strict monogamy except in principle. Women have been forced to accept it...."

from Sisterhood is Powerful

Freud said, apparently without ever having asked any women, that a woman has an orgasm like a man's, and that it's located in one place, the vagina. So he said that normal sexual satisfaction for a woman meant an orgasm in heterosexual intercourse.

Of course he was wrong. But psychiatrists still managed to get women to say they were having vaginal orgasms. And when marriage manuals became the rage sex became a kind of high performance test where you had to have 2 - count'em - 2 - orgasms, in intercourse, and preferably at the same time.

When Masters and Johnson finally did talk to some women they found out that women's orgasms are clitoral, that is, they stem from the sensing organ at the front of a woman's genitals. Women are the only animals that have an organ specifically for sexual pleasure. A woman's orgasm can be stimulated from almost any part of her body, but orgasms from direct clitoral stimulation, as in masturbation or foreplay, are more intense than those in intercourse. Women can have indefinite num-



AND GOD CREATED WOMAN IN HER C

bers of orgasms. There is "an infinite variety

Masters and Johnson opened up the possibility of defining female sexuality in a way different from the way men's is defined. It would be more diffuse, less specifically genital, individualized to the other person involved, and it would go on forever.

That kind of sexuality doesn't exist for most women now. It hasn't existed, probably, since prehistory, during the time of the matriarchal societies. Those societies were nomadic, they moved around a lot and life was precarious. The basic structure was the clan, not the family. And there was very little government beyond the clan. All blood social ties were through the mother, because the father was unknown. Women guarded the clan's delicate relationship with the environment by determining where and when it should move, and by keeping the birth rate of the clan in line with what the environment could support.

With primitive technology, it began to be possible to impose an outside will on the environment, to have private property, and to force it to sustain more and more people. Society began to reorient itself towards growth. Men were dominant in the new society.

This new society required: a steadily increasing birth rate, so that it could expand. It needed to know who the fathers of its children were, so that property could be kept from generation to generation and be concentrated by joining mothers' and fathers' property. Children had to be carefully socialized, too, so that knowledge and training could be kept from generation to generation.

The technique that society devised to make those things happen was to chain women to the family. If a woman was tied to one man, her children had to be his. If she was tied to childbearing, the birth rate would increase, and she would be available to help transmit whatever knowledge or discipline the children of her particular society "needed" to have. In a good society that might not be so bad, in a bad one the family became the strongest force for transmitting repression.

Lots of techniques were used to keep women's sexuality in the hands of men: chastity belts, the veil. Many primitive societies actually removed women's clitorises in order to keep them under

control. Abortion and birth control were put in the hands of male witch doctors.

"Woman, by nature and by fate, is the life companion of man. They are not only life companions but also work companions. ... But higher than the compulsion of working together is the duty to preserve the race. ... The highest task, therefore, is that of making possible for the two life and work companions the founding of a family. The final destruction of the family would mean the end of any higher form of humanity. It is the smallest but most valuable unit in the whole structure of the state ..."

-Adolph Hitler -

Women's sexuality and the new society were incompatible. Most women find that, at any point, people around them, including the man they're relating to, are actively keeping them from being sexual.

"Don't do that. It tickles."

NICE WOMEN DON'T MOVE'

"I saw you flirting with that guy."

"People say you tease."

More effective than a clitorectomy is to teach a woman to regard male sexuality as some kind

of explosive that she can set off unwillingly. At a certain age a girl's mother makes her start wearing clothes in the house so that her father can never see her naked. She's taught that men's sexuality is uncontrollable and that she has no sexuality at all. Boy after boy complains to her about how he suffers from her prudery, and never suspects that she's climbing the walls too. And if she says yes ...

"He won't respect you."

"You can't keep a man if he gets what he wants" ("If he kissed you once ...")

"You can't be pregnant!"

by Slezey, with thanx to Bernie and Charlie Tuna

— to be continued —



HER OWN IMAGE

Why I Want a Wife

I belong to that classification of people known as wives. I am a wife. And, not altogether incidentally I am a mother.

Not too long ago a male friend of mine appeared on the scene from the Midwest fresh from a recent divorce. He had one child, who is, of course, with his ex-wife. As I thought about him while I was ironing one evening, it suddenly occurred to me that I, too, would like to have a wife. Why do I want a wife?

I would like to go back to school so that I can become economically independent, support myself and, if need be, support those dependent upon me. I want a wife who will work and send me to school. And while I am going to school I want a wife to take care of my children. I want a wife to keep track of the children's doctor and dentist appointments. And to keep track of mine too. I want a wife to make sure my children eat properly and are kept clean. I want a wife who will wash the children's clothes and keep them mended.

I want a wife who will be a good attendant to my children, arrange for their schooling, make sure that they have an adequate social life with their peers, take them to the park, the zoo, etc. I want a wife who takes care of the children when they are sick, a wife who arranges to be around when the children need special care, because of course, I can not miss classes at school. My wife must arrange to lose time at work and not lose the job. It may mean a small cut in my wife's income from time to time, but I guess I can tolerate that. Needless to say my wife will arrange and pay for the care of the children while my wife is working.

I want a wife who will take care of MY physical needs. I want a wife who will keep my house clean. A wife who will pick up after me. I want a wife who will keep my clothes clean, ironed, mended, replaced when need be, and who will see to it that my personal things are kept in their proper place so that I can find what I need the minute I need it. I want a wife who cooks the meals...a wife who is a good cook. I want a wife who will plan the menus, serve them pleasantly, and then do the cleaning up while I do my studying. I want a wife who will care for me when I am sick and sym-

pathize with my pain and loss of time from school. I want a wife to go along when our family takes a vacation so that someone can continue to care for me & my children when I need a rest and change of scene.

I want a wife who will not bother me with rambling complaints about a wife's duties. But I want a wife who will listen to me when I feel the need to explain a rather difficult point I have come across in my course of studies. And I want a wife who will type my papers for me when I have written them.

I want a wife who will take care of the details of my social life. When my wife and I are invited out by my friends, I want a wife who will take care of the babysitting arrangements. When I meet people at school that I like and want to entertain, I want a wife who will have the house clean, will prepare a special meal, serve it to me and my friends and will not interrupt when I talk about the things that interest me and my friends. I want a wife who will have arranged that the children are fed and ready for bed before my guests arrive so that the children do not bother us. I want a wife who takes care of the needs of my guests so that they feel comfortable, who makes sure that they have an ashtray, and that they are passed the hors d'oeuvres, that they are offered a second helping of the food, that their wine glasses are replenished when necessary that their coffee is served to them as they like it. And I want a wife who knows that sometimes I need a night out by myself.

I want a wife who is sensitive to my sexual needs, a wife who makes love passionately and eagerly when I feel like it, and a wife who makes sure that I am satisfied. And of course, I want a wife who will not demand sexual attention when I am not in the mood for it.

I want a wife who assumes the complete responsibility for birth control, because I do not want any more children. I want a wife who will remain sexually faithful to me so that I do not have to clutter up my intellectual life with jealousies. And I want a wife who understands that MY sexual needs may entail more than strict adherence to monogamy. I must, after all, be able to relate to people as fully as possible.

If by chance, I find another person more suitable as a wife than the wife I already have, I want the liberty to replace my present wife with another one. Naturally I will expect a fresh new life; my wife will take the children and be solely responsible for them so that I am left free.

When I am through with school and have acquired a job, I want my wife to quit working and remain at home so that my wife can more fully and completely take care of a wife's duties.

My God, who WOULDN'T want a wife? — LWS



She and I were very close. We liked each other immensely from the beginning. We grew closer and closer. We talked to each other about everything. We confided in each other almost totally. We cried on each other's shoulders when the men we loved hurt us. We spent hours talking about the problems we had with the men we loved. We loved the same men but we didn't compete. We each loved the others love for those men to grow in its own way. We shared things we couldn't have shared with them and we continued to love them.

We held each other when we cried and we cried together a lot. We talked about men but we knew that we were sisters. We love each other as sisters and we knew there was a bond between us. We talked about our families, our backgrounds, our work. We talked about poetry, about sewing, about making things and we made things. We talked about ourselves, about our dreams, about our loves, about our wounds. We talked about Women's Liberation. We just talked.

We each cried over men. We made love with men. We fought with men. We were hurt by men. We tried to struggle with men and we both loved the same men.

We held each other when we cried and we knew how to cry. We also knew how to comfort each other. We knew we were sisters and we enjoyed being sisters even though we cried over men.

We grew as sisters and as we grew as sisters our love as sisters grew. So we talked about being sisters, about growing as sisters, about our love as sisters, as women.

We touched as sisters. We loved as sisters. Then we touched as loves we cried less and less over men.

We've learned to love and we've learned to touch. Our love has made us stronger, has made us happier, and has made us struggle.

We talk about everything now. We talk about our love. We talk about our touching and we touch. We don't cry as much but we still hold each other.

We are sisters and we know now that we have many other sisters. We love each other as sisters and we are touching others as sisters. We do not compete. We cry less and less. We touch as sisters and we are touched by sisters.

We love the same men, but now as brothers; we love our sisters, but now as lovers. We cry less and less.

— PENELope JUMBAL

Tarantula, by Bob Dylan (Macmillan company, N.Y., 137 pp., \$3.95)

This book is a trip back into memory—back to 1966. The songs Dylan sang then had convoluted poetic lyrics. We were meeting the inhabitants of Desolation Row. "You don't need a weatherman to know which way the wind blows" was still just a line from a song, and Dylan had written this book. The publisher had already announced it. Dylan wanted to make a few last minute revisions—then came the famous motorcycle accident that took him out of the public eye for awhile. And the manuscript sat on the publisher's desk.

Well, not quite. A character named A.J. Webberman in New York happened to get hold of galley proofs of the book and put out a private edition. It is apparently in response to that that we finally have the "revised" version of this book available to us.

If you liked the early Dylan, you'll like this book. It is hard to decide whether it's poetry or prose—more like a cross between the two. It's not a story—and it doesn't really tell a story—it tells many. It can't too cry out, "I'm sorry, but I can't live to read this book. Here's a few samples:

"...the way they used to dance and dance and dance in the morning with their hair off and their hair off a picture of your soul... looking at the other side of your face... and you realize that nobody told you about This & that life is not so simple after all."

"... it pays to know who your friends are but it also pays to know you ain't got any friends...like it pays to know what your friends ain't got—it's friendlier to get what you pay for..."

"...a strange man we're calling Simply That woke up to find "what" scribbled in his garden. He washes himself with a scrambled egg, puts his glasses in his pants and pulls up his trousers, there's a census taker knocking on his door & his order for the day are nailed up on his mailbox...."

At this point you get the idea.

Dylan's been under a lot of attack lately—especially by the aforementioned Webberman, who loudly proclaims that Dylan is a junkie, owns war stocks, supports the right wing Jewish Defense League and has generally sold out. Webberman goes to the extent of going through Dylan's garbage in search of clues to Bob's alleged addiction.

A lot of reviewers panned Dylan's last two albums: Self Portrait and New Morning—and part of the complaint on the part of underground press writers was that Dylan had abandoned his earlier political messages for "simple love songs."

Dylan once told us that "the things they are a thing-ing..." he let us know that Cuba was a "new born babe with wolves all around her..." and that the "masters of war" had to be loved and killed...he warned us of the folks with the badges who would be coming around: "look out kid, it's somethin you did/God knows when/

DYLAN 66

revisited



But you're doing it again/you better duck down the alleyway..." He knew what it was all about: "twenty years of schooling and they put you on the day shift."

Dylan was an early college dropout—at the time when everybody else was pushing hard to get in. There was really very little illusion in his early work—he knew the world was a hard place, that people had to work and

fight hard to survive—but he was determined that "I shall be free."

His isolated position as a "star", his huge success and increased leisure turned him a little more inward—as it did to all successful rock musicians. Look at all the nonsense the Beatles went through—all the strange trips and fads.

But whether or not the overt political message is still there in his songs, there still is, for me, at any rate, the same magic in his music that first turned me on to him when I was in high school back in 1963: honesty, caring (really caring) for people, and being willing to articulate what lots of other people were feeling.

With the first wave of enthusiasm over the idea of counter-culture, youth-culture, or whatever you choose to call it, lots of people developed any number of illusions about how easy it was going to be for us to really get together and really support each other completely and passionately as we went ahead. When a lot of times it didn't happen, people got disillusioned, withdrawn—and very afraid. They had left the dominant culture because it wasn't supportive of their needs—now they faced the cultural shock of withdrawal from the counter-culture when it wasn't all they needed either—when they sometimes got ripped-off or used by those who purported to be their brothers and sisters.

Dylan's latest work simply refuses this. He's not retreating to a distance in traditional folk/female roles. I think it's really refreshing to hear him make such an open admission of weakness and need: "If not for you, babe, I'd be lost if not for you/and you know it's true." That doesn't mean it's all resolved, but he's beginning to be honest about it. Dylan is now happy and finding joy in simple things: "so happy just to see a smile underneath a sky of blue/so happy just to be alive on this new morning with you."

I think a lot of the recent attacks on Dylan have been unfair. They've dealt with him as though he had to set a perfect example, when in fact, Dylan's just another person—not a "leader." Long ago he told us: "I ain't looking for you to feel like me, see like me or be like me..." And in a passage in *Tarantula* that could have been Dylan replying to Webberman 6 years later, he says: "ok, so i shoot dope once in a while. big deal. what's it got to do with you...like i'm getting mad. next time you call me that name in a public cafeteria, i'm just gonna haul off and kick you..."

Tarantula is one of those books that either you have to read, or you can't—you get out of it only what you bring to it. I brought to it the knowledge that Bob Dylan's music in the 60's shaped my consciousness probably for the rest of my life, forged my attitudes and helped me wave goodbye to the mire of quicksand in which America's death culture lies stinking. It did that for a lot of people—now we have the opportunity of opening a time capsule from Dylan's mind back then, and seeing from where we've come. Poems don't mean anything once said, they just *are*. *Tarantula*, in that it really is poetic, is one more edifice for a new world.

—Bernie

Mamas in the factory, got no shoes

Life at the bottom... the daily lives of poor people in the richest country in the world. edited by Gregory Armstrong. (Harcourt Brace, 350 pages. \$4.25).

This is a remarkable book—remarkable both for its surprising honesty and for the scope of problems that it deals with. It's an anthology—but it's not just bits and pieces—it proceeds in an orderly fashion to an inescapable conclusion.

The first section, *Down Home*, details the lives of migrant farm workers, led a thousand miles to unripe crops and dingy shanties; sharecroppers with too many kids, and no food; white Appalachian coal miners and other "White Trash." Perhaps the most gripping selection is "Life in Appalachia: The Case of Hugh McCaslin" by Robert Coles (Coles' narratives, which appear throughout the book, are alone worth the price.) McCaslin describes how he got injured in the mines and the company doctors "look you right in the eye, and they're wearing a straight face on, and they tell you you're sick, you've been hurt digging out coal, and you'll never be the same, but you're really not so bad off, because your back isn't so bad you can't be a judge or a professor, or the president of the coal company or something like that, you know." And the mines closed, so his friends weren't any better off. Strip mining taking out anything left on the land, and his kids looking forward to leaving the ground that their ancestors lived on for ten generations.

Next comes the saga of migration: the sharecroppers' Alabama land sold to the paper company. You can rent your house for \$15 a month—with no garden, no cultivable land, no pasture or livestock permitted—and especially don't cut any firewood. On the Illinois Central Railroad, dozens of black families board at Dur-

ant Mississippi every day for the long trek up to Chicago. Mexicans are transported like cattle in trucks. Puerto Ricans take the \$12.50 night coach (thrift flight to Idlewild airport. The plane isn't even pressurized. All in search of the promised land—where things will be better, where their families can eat.

But when they get *there*—whether it's Chicago New York or Los Angeles, they find heroin, day labor employment agencies, lots of waiting in line all day, welfare, landlords, jail, prostitution, everything but decent work and respect. Lots of this section is about Chicago. About places like ADD-A-MAN, Manpower, Ready Men, Laborama, Chicago Unlimited, Whiz Labor service, Extra Labor Service. About being cheated. About getting \$1.15 an hour for replacing for a day a machinist who makes \$3.80 an hour. About borrowing 60 cents bus fare and getting charged 60 cents interest at the end of the day. About them taking two dollars worth of taxes out, but never asking for your social security number. About being charged for cashing the checks that no currency exchange will honor. About having four dollars left out of ten for an eight hour day.

Part of this book is about hanging out in the street. Some of it is about retraining programs that correct people's grammar, prepare black youths for white society, and retrain for jobs that don't exist. It talks about how employers in service industries depress wages because they expect employees to steal. If wages are low, they figure it will balance out—with take home pay still averaging 80 bucks a week. Then they watch and catch you, and fire you and call the police.

It's not all about economics. There is an excellent section on "Men and Women" which lays out how men treat women like dirt in order to feel superior to *someone*. (Woman, someone once said, is the slave of the slave). And another section on "Mothers & Children". The school where the "teach-

er just wants you to shut up." The nine year old boy who knows already that "this here city isn't for us. It's for the people downtown. We're here because we had to come. If they could lock us up or sweep us away they would." Uncollected garbage and rats. The games that children play in the alley. And the fighting that you have to do on the block to have respect from your friends and to survive.

Ben Bagdikian describes the life of winos on Chicago's skid row. Todd Gitlin tells us the life story of Bobby Joe Wright, the hustler from Uptown. And we learn about the old people who sit in the waiting room in the bus station because there's nowhere else to go, nothing to do, and they need a routine or they die.

It's a 90% description. But it's not all about defeat. It does show how Blacks, Chicanos, Poor Whites, Puerto Ricans and American Indians have been pushed down, insulted and degraded, but it also talks about the day laborer in Chicago who says "shove it" to the agency when they try to force an unusually grimy job on him, about the 30 year old drug addict who says: "I'm ready to do anything anyone else is ready to do—because I want to live."

The last section is entitled: "Getting it together: Power to the People." and concludes with the ten point platform and program of the Black Panther Party.

Life on the Bottom. A realm occupied by increasing numbers of people. Downtown, when I sell Seeds, one out of every six people ask me: "do you know where I can find a job?" If you're not already at the bottom, maybe this book is a preview of your future.

Buddha once told a man that it did no good to spit at the sky—all you do in the end is wet your own face. This book is about how Amerika has spit on humanity.

—Bernie

"And ye shall know the truth and the truth shall make you free."—John 8:32

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[see pg. 11]



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B. B. KING
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FRIDAY, JULY 30—RAVINIA PARK

"HEAVY ORGAN"
WITH **VIRGIL FOX**
SATURDAY, JULY 31—AUDITORIUM

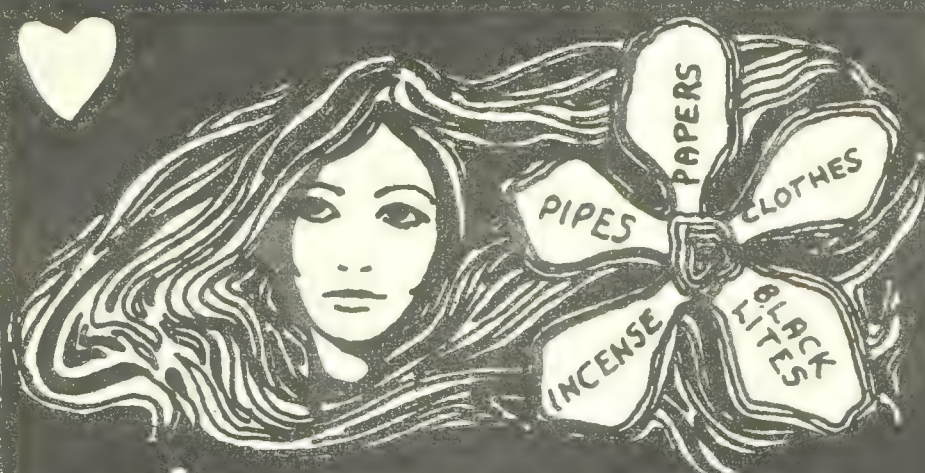
LEON RUSSELL
SUNDAY, AUGUST 1—AUDITORIUM

BLACK SABBATH
THURSDAY, AUGUST 12—AUDITORIUM

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TUESDAY, WEDNESDAY & THURSDAY.
AUGUST 17, 18 & 19—AUDITORIUM

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AIRPORT
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free city

AID & COMFORT

These organizations are all telephone emergency services that you can call for help with burn trips, legal hassles, medical aid, places to crash, or anything else legal. Of course, if you're afraid of getting busted for any real reason, treat with caution.

CHANGES is a group of people in Hyde Park who want to help people who have problems--they provide someone to be with in times of trouble, a place to crash, referral to other places that can help. They do not yet have a switchboard, but can be reached at the following numbers: Andi--363-5049; Tim/Mike--752-2707; Steve--324-3092.

GENESIS Drug Rescue, open 24 hours on weekends, 6pm to 6am weekdays. 598-2396.

Crisis Intervention Center--call 866-9500. Operates out of Northwestern campus.

EMERALD CITY DRUG ABUSE serves the up-town area and is located at 1056 W. Lawrence. 878-6769. They deal specifically with drug problems but may be able to help with other problems. Sun. 4-11. Fri. 4-2. Sat. 4-2.

GRACE LUTHERAN CHURCH--555 W. Belden 929-3553. 24 hours a day. Free feed Wed. at 6.

LSD RESCUE--"We help anyone at any time as long as it hurts no other." Open 24 hours a day. Trip, suicide or rap calls. 2214 Ridge Ave., Evanston. 328-5895 or 328-5896.

INNER TUBE--Mon-Thurs 8-12pm, Fri-Sun 4-12pm. 777-0545.

KOOLAIDE--30 W. Chicago Ave., 664-0505. 1pm-2am Mon-Thurs and 24 hours on weekends.

Looking
LOOKING GLASS--24 hours. Primarily for run-aways. 334-2601. 1725 W. Wilson. Legal aid clinic for women under 18 and men under 21 Tues 8-11pm.

YATS--YOUTH AID TELEPHONE SERVICE 775-2211 evenings.

PUMP HOUSE HOT LINE serves Mt. Prospect area. They are a telephone counseling and referral service and can be reached at 259-7184 weekdays 1pm-1am and 24 hours on weekends.

THE ARK--drugs and pregnancy aid. 463-4545.

DIRS--DRUG INFO AND RESCUE SERVICE Serves the north suburbs from Lake Forest. 24 hours on weekends. 6pm-midnight during the week. 295-2929.

HOTLINE is a telephone counseling service available for the Oak Park and River Forest area. 848-2555 Fri-Sun 6pm to 6am.

HORIZON PROVISIO HOTLINE is a telephone counseling and info service for the Proviso area. 345-3920 Fri-Sun 5pm-3am.

YOUTH HOTLINES OF ILLINOIS--24 hr telephone crisis center, 1128 S. 1st St., Springfield. 525-0670 (Area code 217)

MAINE TOWNSHIP HOTLINE--2pm-midnight. 825-0860. Community switchboard.

SOUTH SUBURBAN YOUTH HOTLINE--people to talk it out or just listen. Someone cares. 754-9030.

COMMUNITY

FREE CITY MUSIC is an info exchange for musicians who need work, who are looking for other musicians, instruments for barter or sale and occasionally a place to play. For info call Euphoria Blimpworks. PUSH-1-IN. 8 west Tooker.

THE COMMITTEE OF RESPONSIBILITY is a non-profit organization providing medical treatment for war injured Vietnamese children. For more info call 234-5065.

PEOPLES PARK at Armitage and Halsted is an effort to keep the city from turning it into an exclusive tennis club and a project to bring the Lincoln Park community together. People and

resources are needed to maintain and defend it. For further info call Peoples Information Center. 549-8626.

LAGENTS has a tenant union, food co-op, free food pantry and free breakfast program from 7:30-10am. 3227 N. Halsted.

CHICAGO LIVE IN PROGRAM (CLIP) offers a new kind of communal-educational summer experience, focusing on ecology, women's liberation, alternative in education and power structure research. 722 W. 18th St., 226-5747.

ZERO POPULATION GROWTH has an abortion referral service. For more info. call Francine Topping 491-4627 or 492-8270.

THE BOOKSTORE LTD', trades, buys and sells books, takes crafts and almost anything on consignment. 2478 N. Lincoln, stop by.

PRIDE & PREJUDICE BOOKSTORE, 3322 N. Halsted has a large number of Women's Liberation materials as well as an assortment of used books. Hrs. are from 11 a.m. to 7:30 p.m. weekdays and from 12 noon to 9 p.m. weekends. 477-4373 closed Sunday.

NEW FEMINIST BOOKSTORE at 1525 E. 53rd St., Rm. 503 sends out catalogues of books, tons, stickers and pamphlets.

PEOPLE'S INFO CENTER--2154 N. Halsted has information, books, and newspapers from the BPP, RUA, the Young Lords and other revolutionary organizations. The center needs office supplies, especially supplies for a Roneo mimeo machine and mimeo paper 549-8626. They need food & \$ for free children's breakfast program.

RAPID TRANSIT THEATER, 2745 N. Kenmore, is back on the street with plays relating to N. America struggle and the struggle of our Latin American sisters and brothers. They are also interested in relating to community issues and invite suggestions for their mime and theatre. Call 477-3599.

PEOPLE'S PEACE TREATY, 5655 S. University, 955-7666 is gathering signatures on the treaty and planning actions to implement it.

EVANSTON PEACE CENTER has a draft counseling service, library, bookstore, among other good things. They are also the N.Shore center for the People's Peace Treaty. The regular hrs. for the center are from 10-4 daily, for info. on the draft counseling service hrs. call 475-2260.

FREE STORE at the Youth Help Center of Grace Lutheran Church wants all the old stuff you don't need--things like old books, clothes, money, etc. Do not bring in large items like furniture, but call to let us know that they are available. 929-3553. Bring smaller items to church at 555 W. Belden from 11 am to 5 pm weekdays, or evenings, by calling first.

RADIO FREE CHICAGO is back on the air bringing you an alternative to the so-called alternatives in radio, new hours are Mon.-Thurs 11:30-1 a.m., Fri. 11:30p.m.-2:30am, Sat. 10pm-2am, Sun. 11:30pm-2:30am.

WAKING MOUNTAIN WOMEN'S CULTURE R RADIO SHOW on WHPK 88.3fm Mon. 9:30.

TRIAD free-form radio. Space music and inter-cosmic raps weeknites from 8-12 p.m. on 106FM To make you smile and get you higher To make you smile and get you higher

HARPER'S FERRY ORDINANCE, 180 N. Wacker Dr., rm. 605 Open Sat. 1pm-5pm. Rifles, shot-guns, ammo & lit. on guns & shooting.

WHOLE EARTH STORE, 530 Dempster in Evanston is a bookstore that's in it for a lot more than the money. "Community copies" of each book on sale are available for reading in the store, and people are invited to bring books by so that a circulating library can be set up. Also planned are the stocking of some of the materials listed in the Whole Earth Catalog and rap groups on ecology, health, community, counter-culture and radical politics. Hrs. are from 12 to 10p.m. Closed Mondays.

VISIT A P.O.W. The Black Panther Party has begun a program to enable visits by family and friends to prisoners-being held in the jails, in the state. Rides are being arranged to Joliet, St. Charles, Sheridan, Vandalia, Menard, the House, and others. If you know of any organization, church or individual who has access to transportation and can donate some time to the project call Rising Up Angry at 472-1791.

ORGANIZATIONS

THE ILLINOIS CHAPTER OF THE BLACK PANTHER PARTY publishes a community bulletin, operates two community centers, six breakfast programs, a medical center, and the National Committee to Combat Fascism. They need money, breakfast foods, office equipment, and supplies, mimeos, paper, and cars. the offices are at 4233 S. Indiana, 924-6575 and 23-50 W. Madison.

CHICAGO AREA GROUP ON LATIN AMERICA (CAGLA) is an information/action group seeking solidarity with the Latin American liberation movement. They have a library on the Latin American revolution and hope to set up a distribution center for Cuban materials. For info/suggestions etc. call LI 9-3700 or stop by 800 W. Belden (McGraw Library basement) Tuesday from noon to 10p.m.

GREAT LAKES MOVEMENT FOR A DEMOCRATIC MILITARY (MDM) is trying to get a little democracy into the armed forces by organizing active duty GI's and reservists. For info. call 689-1869.

SOUTHSIDE WOMEN'S CENTER located on the third floor of University Church, 5655 S. University, coordinates info on women's liberation activity in Hyde Park, info. on meetings, conferences, speakers and special events. Sells assortment of women's literature, posters, buttons. Has a clothing exchange, a crash pad bureau to provide emergency housing for sisters.

U. of C. chapter of Women's Liberation Union and a high school rap group meet there. They want to start a babysitting coop, skills exchange, Women's Potluck dinners with entertainment are being held twice a month on Sundays at 6:30 p.m. Childcare is provided. Listen to

Waking Mountain women's culture radio show. Mon. at 9:30pm 88.3 FM for details. Center is open Monday thru Friday 11:30-6pm and Mon and Fri. evenings till 8. Call 955-7879 (Fanny) or 285-3248 (Marsha) for further details.

CHICAGO GAY ALLIANCE provides an alternative social structure for the homosexual, aids young homosexuals in "coming out", provides speakers to present the homosexual viewpoint in rap sessions with the straight community, and is dedicated to ending the legal and psychological repression of homosexuals everywhere. Meetings are at the Gay Community Center, 171 W. Elm. Call 664-4708 or 944-8393 for further information.

GAY WOMEN'S CAUCUS meets every Mon. at 8p.m. at 171 W. Elm, 768-7575.

U. of C. Gay Liberation Gay Youth meets every Sunday at 3pm at 1212 E. 59th St., room 218. Office open 7 to 12 daily and Sun. 3 to 12. Gay Rap number 753-3274.

COMMITTEE OF RETURNED VOLUNTEERS is an organization of ex-peace corps & other volunteers) doing research into American Imperialism movements. They are at 840 W. Oakdale, call 477-3340.

CHICAGO INDIAN VILLAGE 1354 W. Wilson desperately needs food and clothing and money for Indian families in Chicago. Call 784-9892 if you can help in any way.

GAY LIBERATION FRONT maintains that the gay liberation movement is inherently revolutionary. GLF holds that gay liberation does not mean to persuade society to tolerate us, and the present self-oppressing lifestyles it imposes on us, within the framework of sexist Amerika. Believing the personal to be the political, GLF works to create a new consciousness that will give birth to new lifestyles and ultimately to the new society based on love. Listings in Good Numbers.

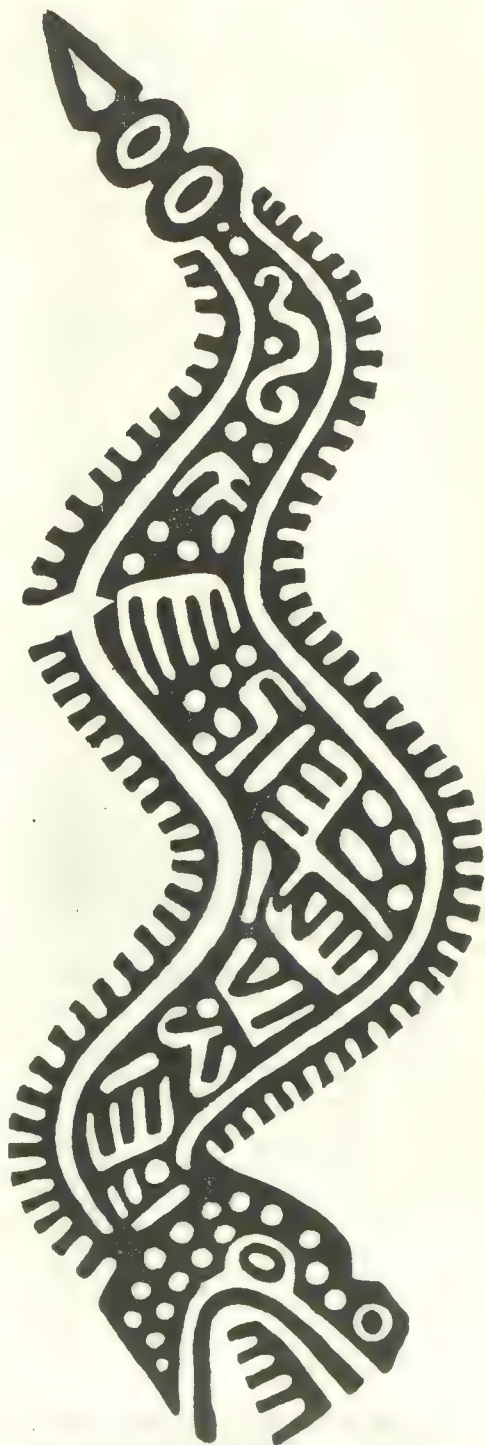
LADO -- The Latin American Defense Organization is from the Latin community of the near Northwest side of Chicago. LADO was founded in Sept. 1966 and has concentrated on attacking the problems of welfare recipients. In addition, LADO has acted on a number of complaints of police brutality. LADO also has a free health center, and is organizing around the problems of workers in the community. Office is located at 2353 W. North Avenue.

CHICAGO HEALTH STRUGGLE, 710 S. Marshfield, is a magazine dealing with health politics in Chicago, demystifying professionalism, and showing how people can control their own lives when relating to professionals and medical situations.

CHICAGO BRANCH OF THE INDUSTRIAL WORKERS OF THE WORLD is part of the oldest genuine radical labor organization in the U.S. The office is at 2240 N. Lincoln 549-5045. The hall is available for meetings, socials and benefits, but need your help, so why don't you drop by and help out? Volunteer

GOOD NUMBERS

Kool Aide	30 W. Chicago	664-0505
YATS		775-2211
LSD Rescue	2214 Ridge, Evan.	328-5895
Looking Glass	1725 W. Wilson	334-2601
Grace Church	555 W. Belden	929-3553
Alce's Revisited	950 W. Wrightwood	528-4200
Rising UP Angry	2744 N. Lincoln	472-1791
SEED	950 W. Wrightwood	929-0133
Second City	2136 N. Halsted	543-8760
Chic. Journalism Review		644-5255
People's Info Center	2154 N. Halsted	549-8626
N.Side Coop Ministry		281-0690
Breadbasket		651-6000
Men Against Cool	728-4338 or	477-9771
Black Panther Party	4233 S. Indiana	924-6575
IWW	2440 N. Lincoln	549-5045
Young Patriots	4403 N. Sheridan	334-8957
LADO	2353 W. North	
LaGente	3227 N. Halsted	525-9770
Chi Peace Council	343 S. Dearborn	922-6578
Spartacist League		643-4394
Peoples School	4409 N. Sheridan	561-6737
Student Mobe	407 S. Dearborn	922-1068
WOMEN'S LIBERATION		
Womens Liberation Union		
	2875 W. Cermak	927-1790
S. Side Womens Ctr	5655 S. University	955-7275
La Dolores	2150 N. Halsted	935-0364
TRIAL	2150 N. Halsted	248-1600
GAY LIBERATION		
Gay Liberation Front		472-2967
U of I Circle	day	663-4843
	night	528-0564
Womens Caucus		642-7476
Mattachine Midwest		334-2244
Third World Gay Revolutionaries		472-2967
U of Chicago		753-3274
Chi Gay Alliance	664-4708 or	944-8393
Comm of Ret Volunteers	840 W. Oakdale	477-3340
Community Legal Council		726-0157
ACLU	6 S. Clark	236-5564
People's Law	2156 N. Halsted	929-1880
Counter Culture Law Project		649-8576
VD Clinic (free)	27 E. 26th	842-0222
	100 N. Central	638-3365
recorded message on VD		225-9258
Student Health Org	1613 E 53rd	493-2741
Black Panther Health Clinic		522-3220
Benito Juarez Clinic	1831 S. Racine	243-4844
Young Patriots Clinic	4403 N. Sheridan	334-8957
Planned Parenthood	185 N. Wabash	726-5134
Fritz Englestein Health Center		348-8578
MDM	1303 Morrow	689-2525
National Lawyers Guild		939-2492



directory

office help is welcome. Call them for help in job situations that are in need of labor organizing. Meetings are the 1st Friday of each month.

LA DOLORES WOMEN'S LIBERATION CENTER is at 2150 N. Halsted, and their phone is 935-0364. La Dolores has lots of programs including Introduction to Women's Liberation rap groups., Marxist study groups, Women's history groups, self defense classes, a day care committee, to mention only a few of the programs. The center is open at various hours: call to check.

MEDICAL COMMITTEE FOR HUMAN RIGHTS, 1613 E. 53rd, 752-7472, helps out free medical centers, provides instruction on street medical aid, and can provide medical presence at demonstrations.

MEN AGAINST COOL are a group of men trying to deal with the ways in which men oppress women, other men and themselves. They are holding continuing rap sessions on these and other related topics. 728-4338 or 477-9771. They also have an open men's meeting at the Survival School at Alice's on Wednesdays at 7pm (950 W. Wrightwood).

NORTHSIDE COOPERATIVE MINISTRY is an organization of churches, and involved in too many programs to list here. They work in areas of promoting peace, low income housing, education through a Headstart program, common pantrys, and a bail service. They need volunteers, food, lawyers, medical supplies, and bail money. Call 281-0690 if you need what they got, or you got what they need. 2507 N. Greenview.

RIISING UP ANGRY is an organization of brothers and sisters both grease and freak throughout the city. They publish a newspaper, hold open raps, cool out fights, have a legal defense program, help sisters with health care, birth control counselling, legal aid, and bail, counsel on military and draft problems, have available many revolutionary films, and will come to your neighborhood or school to rap with you. More information can be had by calling 472-1791. Office is at 2744 N. Lincoln.

TRIAL - Total Repeal of Illinois Abortion Laws is a coalition of organizations and individuals in the state that believe that Abortion is a woman's right. To aid in the repeal of the abortion laws, call 248-1600, or stop by the office at 2150 N. Halsted. Help is needed.

YOUTH INTERNATIONAL PARTY (YIP) is dedicated to the overthrow of government, authority, money and morality. Leave message in the hollow tree at the northeast corner of Lincoln Park. For more info, call the Red Squad.

NATIONAL SERVICE CENTER FOR HEALTH SCIENCE STUDIES is concerned with health politics on a national level & is involved in establishing communications with health activists all over the country. For info, contact Howard, Jerry, or Darlene. Office: 710 S. Marshfield, tele: 243-5433.

HEALTH CENTERS

These clinics are set up primarily to serve the community in which they operate. All of them are understaffed, overworked and broke. If you haven't got the money for a doctor, then call the clinic nearest to you for information. But if you CAN afford a doctor, then don't go to a clinic just because you want something for free. These centers are run to provide decent medical care for people who might not otherwise even SEE a doctor. Don't fuck them up, nobody needs freeloaders.

BENITO JUAREZ COMMUNITY HEALTH CENTER is located at 1831 S. Racine, and it's open Mondays and Tuesdays 1:30-3:30 and Wednesdays from 6-10pm, Call 243-4844 for information on services.

DR. E. BETANCES FREE PEOPLE'S HEALTH CENTER is operated by the Young Lords Organization at the people's Church, 834 W. Armistage. It serves people living south of Fullerton Ave., in the Lincoln Park area. For house and services contact Alberto Chavira at 348-4091, and for info. on how you can help, keep the center in operation.

IRENE JOSSELYN CLINIC 405 Central Ave. in Northfield is a mental health clinic serving the northern suburbs of Chicago. Hours are 8am to 5pm Mon to Fri., the evenings and Sat. are possible if you call first. It is NOT free, but the fees are according to your ability to pay. 446-8910.

SOCIAL HYGIENE CLINIC, 222 E. Willow, Wheaton, Ill., 685-6565 & 689-7900, Monday and Thurs. 3-7 p.m.

LIFELINE is a clinic in Rogers Park run by the Northwestern Volunteers. They're located at 1543 W. Morse (743-5800) and are open 7:30pm Wed and 8 am-4pm Sat and Sun.

THE FRITZI ENGLESTEIN FREE PEOPLE'S HEALTH CENTER is at the Holy Covenant Church, Wilton and Diversey. It serves people living in the Lincoln Park and Lakeview areas. Hours are Mon and Wed. from 6-9pm and Sat. from 1-4. It provides medical care, checkups, shots disease tests, referrals for health, housing and legal problems, child care and education in family health care, first aid and nutrition. Call 348-8578. The center is in desperate need of doctors and nurses, so if you qualify, please see if you can help. The clinic can also use donations to go towards the purchase of medicine.

SPURGEON "JAKE" WINTER FREE PEOPLE'S MEDICAL CLINIC is operated by the Black Panther Party and provides free health care for the community. They are at 3850 W. 16th St. 522-3220. Donations of money and medical supplies are always welcome.

YOUNG PATRIOTS UPTOWN HEALTH SERVICE is at 4403 N. Sheridan Rd., 334-8957. It is operated by the Young Patriots Organization for the people of Uptown. Hours are from 7pm Mon. Tues and Thurs., Sat from 10-12 for children only. The center needs money to continue to operate - supplies and drugs cost plenty \$.

PREGNANCY TESTING SERVICE—Women's Liberation Union. 927-1790 or 935-0364.

The **CHICAGO BOARD OF HEALTH** maintains two free VD clinics at which you are treated with a minimum of hassles. They also do blood tests for marriage licenses and other assorted and associated things. Clinic at 27 E. 26th St. is open 9am-3:30pm M.T.Th.F., and 12-6 on Weds. Bundeson Health Center (gold dome building) 100 N. Central Park is open 9-3 Mon to Fri. see numbers in Good Numbers.

LEGAL AID

AMERICAN CIVIL LIBERTIES UNION handles cases where points of constitutionality are involved. They won't usually take drug busts or ordinary riot cases. The office is at 6 S. Clark, phone 236-5564.

THE COUNTER-CULTURE LAW PROJECT, 360 E. Superior, is composed of lawyers, law students and legal workers who feel it necessary to use our legal skills to protect and maintain revolutionary counter-cultural forms such as communes, work collectives, free schools and underground arts and media. If you are a member of one of these groups and are being hassled or you want to rap, call Lee, Jim, Bill, Diane Jane or Mark at 649-8576. All work is free. **FREE** **FREE LEGAL AID FOR MINORS** at the Grace Lutheran Church, 555 W. Belden, Thurs, 7:30pm-10pm.

THE PEOPLE'S LAW OFFICE is a collective of lawyers, law students and friends who take criminal and some civil cases for whatever you can afford to pay. 2156 N. Halsted, 929-1880. The collective will also come to speak to your group or coffeehouse.

NATIONAL LAWYERS GUILD, 21 East Van Buren Street, is the Chicago chapter of a radical legal organization. Projects include: free military counseling with CAMP on Wed. and Thurs., a Misdemeanor project and helping community groups start legal defense offices. We can help you get a people's lawyer instead of a rip-off one.

DRAFT

CAMP has counselors at the following locations to provide advice on discharges for hardship, CO and other outs, as well as lawyers for Court Martials, political problems, etc. for active duty servicemen:

AMERICAN FRIENDS SERVICE COMMITTEE Draft counseling 427-2533. Resistance—if you're thinking of refusing or have induction orders, call us. We're a group of refusers, ask for Dave, Steve, Jerry or Bill.

CHICAGO AREA DRAFT RESISTORS: P.O. Box 9485 Chicago 60690. Available for speaking speaking and have literature. Will continue to put out info on the draft.

MIDWEST COMMITTEE FOR DRAFT COUNSELING: 427-3350

NORTH SIDE

All Saints Church, 4450 N. Hermitage. LU 1-0111. 4pm to 6pm Thurs eves.

Wellington Ave. Draft Counseling: Wellington Av. Congregational Church, 615 Wellington, 935-0642. Tues 6:30-8pm, Sat 10-10.

Rogers Park—Loyola University Draft Counseling Center, 1037 W. Loyola. 274-3000, ext 615.

Jewish Draft Information and Counseling Center, 5959 N. Sheridan Rd. For appointments call 225-0959 between 12 and 3.

Ravenswood Selective Service Counseling Center, 4754 N. Leavitt. M, Tu, Thu: 7-10pm, Sat 10-12 noon. 784-3273 during hours,

The People's School—draft counseling. 4409 n. Sheridan Rd. For appointments N. Sheridan Rd. Tu 1-5. 561-6737.

Wright College, 3400 N. Austin, room 120. Tu, W, F, 11-1. 777-7900, ext 43 or 44.

Uptown Draft Information Service—Hull House, 4520 N. Beacon. 561-8033, M nites.

CADRE: 519 W. North. 664-6895.

Lincoln Park Draft Counseling—600 W. Fullerton. 248-8828. 7-10pm Mon-Thurs.

SOUTH SIDE

Chicago Black Anti-War, Anti-Draft Union. 446 S. Michigan Ave., 11am-6pm daily. 300 E. 39th St. (YWCA) 7-9pm Tues & Thurs.

Hyde Park Draft Information Center: 5615 S. Woodlawn. 363-1248. 7-10pm Tu, Wed, Thurs.

Mandel Legal Aid Clinic, 6020 S. University, 324-5181 by appointment, Tu & Fri.

United Campus Ministry—IIT, 3200 S. Wabash. Call for appointment. 225-9600, ext 498.

Kenedy-King Draft Counseling Center, 7047 S. Stewart Av. Call 498-0900, ext 36 for appointment.

Southwest Clergy and Laymen Draft Counseling Center, St. Gall's Church, 5511 S. Sawyer. 7 days a week 12 noon-9pm. 434-1533.

South Side Draft Information Center: 2235 W. 63rd, 2nd Floor. 925-3686.

Roosevelt University Selective Service Counseling Organization. 430 S. Michigan Av., Rm 20. 341-2016 for appointment.

WEST SIDE

Lawndale Draft Counseling Program. 277-3140 or 762-2010 after 6pm.

Latin-American Draft Education Program. 2353 W. North Ave. M 6-10, Sat 2-4. 276-0909;

Austin Draft Counseling Center. 4842 W. Madison. 287-1715 Tu, Thurs 8-10pm. Also Mon from 7-9pm at 5903 W. Fulton. 626-9385.

SUBURBS

Deerfield—North Shore Unitarian Church, 2100 Half Day Rd. 234-2460 or 945-1628. Tue 7:30-10pm, Wed 2-4:30pm, Sat 10am-noon.

Gary—Lake County Draft Information Center 3525 Jefferson (219) 887-5497.

Evanston—Peace and World Affairs Center. 926 Chicago. 475-2260.

Maywood—West Suburban Draft Counseling Center. 100 S. 19th Ave. 344-2343.

Lombard—Draft Counseling Center, 1 S. Park, 2nd Floor. 629-9146.

La Grange—Area Draft Information Group. 24 W. Burlington. 352-6677.

Techny—North Shore Draft Information Group. Divine Word Seminary. 1835 Waukegan Rd. 272-2700. Tu & Thurs 7:30-9:30pm.

Naperville—Council of Churches Information Center, 34 S. Washington. 355-0210 Wed & Thurs 7pm by appointment.

Oak Park—Village Draft Counseling Information Service. 1st Presbyterian Church. 931 Lake St. 383-1872. M, W, Th 7pm.

CLASSES

LIBERATION SCHOOL FOR WOMEN is offering courses on Women's history, birth control, the radical women's movement, and many others. If you are interested in helping the school, call the Women's Liberation Union at 927-1790.

THE PEOPLE'S SCHOOL is operating on two fronts — survival through learning technical skills in communications and liberation through student developed curricula, ranging from creative writing to art to psychology to running a Saturday evening coffeehouse. They have been operating a student run food co-op as well. Call 561-6737 for information on classes or programs. 4409 N. Sheridan.

A LEARNING & SURVIVAL CENTER put together by a bunch of people is currently being housed at Alice's Revisted, 950 W. Wrightwood.

PRINTING / ART

J.S. JORDAN MEMORIAL PRINTING CO—OP prints for the community at cooperative rates. Donations of paper and printing supplies are welcome at the Wobbly shop (IU450) 6710 N. Clark, 973-0219. Silk screening cheap. Your design or ours. Call BO 8-0448

WEB OFFSET NEWSPAPER PRINTING—Call Fred at 641-6976 (ok to leave a message if he's out) for best prices and top quality. No hassles.

OMEGA POSTERS prints for the community. Omega grew out of the CADRE printing program. They can print sizes up to 11x17 inches in four colors with separations provided. 711 S. Dearborn. Rm. 543, 939-7672.

RED STAR PRESS prints for the community pretty cheap and pretty good. They can do four colors up to 17x22 inches, and they just got some new equipment so maybe they can do more. 1964 N. Bissell, the phone number is BITE—LSD (I kid you not).

WOMEN'S REVOLUTIONARY ART CO—OP has formed to help women break the chains of the colonizing brainwashing that they have been subjected to all their lives and to open up another front against the American Fatherland. Art Belongs To the People! 935-0364. Meetings are at LaDolores Center Wed. at 7:30pm, 1250 N. Halsted

RECYCLING

GLASS: Bring to city yards in Evanston, behind the municipal bldg. on Clark just west of Maple. Sat. 9-4 and Sun. 12 to 4. Separate bins for brown, green and colorless glass. In deerfield at Woodland Park School on Wed.

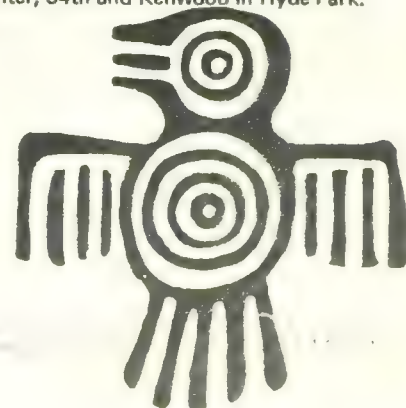
Northbrook: River Trail Center, 3120 Milwaukee Ave. Three centers for glass collection open 9am-4 pm, mon-Fri and 10am to 2pm Sat.: Indian Boundary, 8800 W. Belmont, Chicago. Salt Creek, 17th Ave. & Salt Creek, Riverside. North Branch, 6633 Harts Rd., Niles.

NEWSPAPER: Reused by West Side Paper Stock Co. Bins located at Hyde Park Shopping Center, Lake & 54th; Francis Parker High School, 330 W. Webster; High-Lo Food Mart parking lot, 2748 Greenbay, Evanston; STEP box behind Toy Heaven in Highland Park.

TIN (ALUMINUM) CANS: all kinds, not just soft drink cans, but soup, salmon, steel and aluminum minus labels. Money given to local environmental projects.

Nat'l Can Corp. 5620 W. 51st St. Nat'l, Can Corp. 3217 W. 47th Pl. American Can Co. 6017 S. Western Av. American Can Co. 13th Av. & St. Charles Rd. Maywood. Continental Can Co. 7830 W. 71st St. Bridgeview Continental Can Co. 5401 W. 65th Continental Can Co. 3815 S Ashland Av. Continental Can Co. 1657 N. Kilpatrick

For Bottles & Cans: Solid Waste REcycling Center, 54th and Kenwood in Hyde Park.



"HOW MANY DAYS HAS IT BEEN SINCE I WAS BORN
HOW MANY DAYS UNTIL I DIE
DO I KNOW ANY WAYS THAT I CAN MAKE YOU LAUGH
OR DO I ONLY KNOW HOW TO MAKE YOU CRY
...JUST A STRANGER IN A STRANGE LAND"

LEON RUSSELL AND THE SHELTER PEOPLE



SHELTER RECORDS,
+ TAPES



*FROM STRANGER IN A STRANGE LAND. ©1971 SKYHILL PUBLISHING COMPANY, INC. ALL RIGHTS RESERVED—USED BY PERMISSION.

AVAILABLE FROM CAPITOL RECORDS

FEEDBACK

Dear Seed:

A hearty "RIGHT ON!" to the writer of "Gay Oppression" (Vol. 7, No. 1). Being an exceptionally hung-up male (straight), I really needed some clarification as to the reasons. I have, in fact, been seriously considering professional psychotherapy, the cost of which I can hardly afford. But now, after carefully reading the above named article, I think it would be a waste of time and money to seek professional help.

"Gay Oppression" has told me more about myself than \$5,000 worth of bullshit about my early pooping, sucking, and eating habits EVER could! (And for only 35 cents...how 'bout that.)

In fact, the whole damn Seed has me feeling better than I have for a long time! I have been "on the street" for about a year (after leaving the corporation--would you believe....LIFE INSURANCE SALES ?) I've been hacking a Yellow Cab, par-handling for smokes and am currently lifting sacks at the Main Post Office.

For a long time, I was convinced that I was "different" for leaving the established ranks. All of my "social failures" were mainly because of my and status, propaganda, time fights and power games. And I had some trouble justifying my actions to these people AND to myself.

But now, thanks to real people trying to solve real problems--people like yourselves, the others, the Gay Liberation Front, the millions oppressed in this Greatest of Great Societys--I am coming to see myself and what Amerika is in a frustratingly clear light.

Keep on doing what you're doing. You're the only ones who can get it done.

David

Seed:

Something puzzles me and I want to write you and ask. In Volume 6 number 13 you did a whole page ad for the Celebration of Life, the celebration of life. And you said in the ad that you were going to be down saying that it was a celebration of life, etc. etc. Does this mean that you don't always back your ads and that the reason for putting them in, in the first place is strictly for financial reasons?

I have a lot of faith in your paper. It would be a real shame if I say I would say I would be a page and skipped off to this so-called Celebration of Life and found it completely fucked. Do you catch what I'm trying to say?

When a question comes up, I must let it out! Whether its possible to reply I don't know. Either way, keep speaking the truth.

Mike
South Bend, Ind.

(Seed reply: It is true that the ad was run because we needed the bread. It is also true that our ad manager fucked up by not bothering to read the small print in the ad. The first time any one else on the staff saw what had been done, the issue had already been printed & it was too late to do anything about. We realized we had made a big mistake, so we ran the article in the following issue. We're not perfect, we don't claim to be. We make mistakes just like anyone else does. But we also learn from our mistakes & we're now trying to be more collectively aware of everything we print.)



Dear Brothers & Sisters:

Hope that maybe these few lines will find you people in the best. Well, things could be better up here in Monroe Reformatory, but under these circumstances, what else can be expected from a place like this. I really don't see how they can take a normal man from society and try to reconstruct the mind and make it respond the way they want it to respond. Occasionally they succeed, but as long as there are brothers and sisters out there that are getting their selves together I will never let you down. Brothers & sisters are expressing their true feelings towards this unjust fascist discriminating world. It's really a fucking shame that beautiful human people can't live the way they want to without all this tension building in their minds, and when you try your hardest to remove all this without hurting anyone, then they persecute you, and tell you that maybe you are a misfit to our society. This is really and positively the American way isn't it. Well, I don't wish to respond to their ways. As Neal Young would say, People We Got to Suffer From. These are just a few of my day to day thoughts. I will once again return to all of you people and say my happy tears away. Just to think I am

in love all of you the way I did before the world put us. So brothers & sisters, keep your heads up just to see us in this place. Keep sending the most beautiful vibrations because they mean a lot to me and others in here.

We love you always
Bro. Calvin R. Ward
624265
Monroe Reformatory
Monroe Washington

Many thanks to all the friends in Monroe who wrote to us, especially to George, Ronald, D. and J. Unfortunately we don't have room to print all the letters, but we read them. Also many of you asked for a free subscription. We'd like to be able to send every brother & sister their own personal copy of this paper. We're not sure if we can do this, but we're going to try.

A Japanese woman named Yosano Akiko once said, "The mountain moving day is coming. I say so; others doubt. Only a while the mountain will be moved in fire. Yet you will see the mountain moving. All the women, now will awake and move."

Women all over the country. We are getting together to discover ourselves and each other. Rallies, women's liberation classes, rap groups--all contribute to this discovery. This is the movement gaining momentum. How can women share their changes with each other? A newspaper is a vehicle for change.

We announce "The Feminist Voice," the Chicago woman's newspaper. "The Feminist Voice" will be a focus for communications among the women's groups in Chicago and it will keep women in touch with nationwide issues that are vital to them. It is not designed to reflect a rigidly held philosophical position.

Rather, it will be a forum for the creative expression of women--(art, poetry, fiction, photography); for research and analysis of women's issues; and for analysis of general issues, from a much needed woman's viewpoint. It will be published monthly, beginning August 27, the anniversary of the ratification of the women's vote.

You and the staff of "The Feminist Voice" need your interest and financial support. We need your writing, art, photography, time and contributions. (Send them to The Feminist Voice, P.O. Box 11144, 227 E. Ontario, Chicago, Ill). Deadline for copy for each issue is the 15th of each month). We would also like to meet you. We welcome you to our staff meetings Thursday nights at 8 o'clock at the La Dolor Center at 2150 N. Halsted Street. Together we can move mountains.

Women from "The
Feminist Voice."

Dear Young People,

Every fully-grown human being is a product of about 17 years of transition from smaller life forms to larger ones--an evolution of size and shape that only the first tiny forms in which we exist could initiate, or there could never be any adults. Unlike the sterile, lifeless man-made currency, and the sterile lifeless man-made things for which it is a medium of exchange, living beings all build and maintain their own bodies. But not even living individuals are constructed from nothing, and considering all of the life forms in the world that are physically smaller than men, competition, which pre-establishes at least one winner and one loser in all situations could hardly be a sane method of distribution of anything; much less of living room space, earth and free access to the sun, oxygen, rain, food, uncooked fruits and vegetables--all of the things that do indeed unite to build healthy living bodies. Only the most ruthless and best equipped to deprive other people of everything could win.

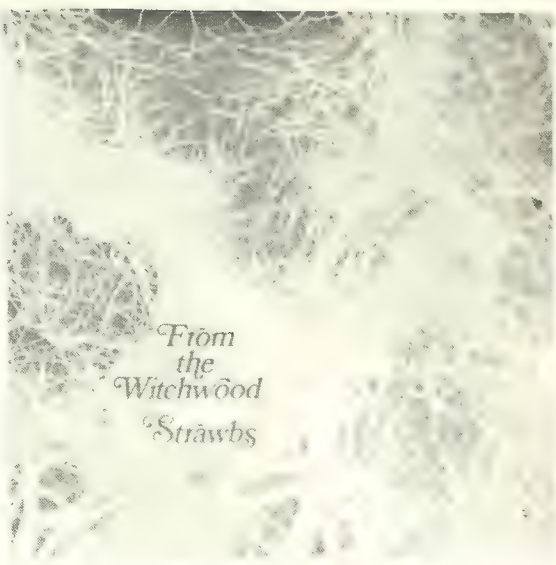
Indeed they do--property is composed of the dead bodies of living matter that was once alive, and except for man's violence to it, still would be. This so-called United States is a top-down hierarchy in which there is only one guiding "premise" If you are bigger, you are the boss--it's "officers" achieve their positions of power by trampling over everyone, not by consent of the governed. Since all living creatures are self-constructed beginning with the tiniest of units of matter, the people could not delegate authority to any man or group of men, even if they wanted to.

There must be something wrong with the thinking processes of men who, despite the fact that they could not be the source of even one tiny unit of living matter themselves, nevertheless insist that they have a right to make decisions which affect everyone's lives. It certainly doesn't seem very reasonable to attribute their usurpation of everyone's right to govern themselves to "consent" by their victims, even while they call out police forces and armies to stifle all dissent. The fact is that all offices of the man-made political structure of the U.S. were "inspired" by the Biblical concept of authority which could be nothing but a stupid deification of the superior ability of men to kill. Certainly, the larger bulk and weight of the matter of which fully grown males are composed makes men more competent doing that. But weapons neither improve the health of the living, nor give life to the dead, so men really have no authority at all.

The male body does not contribute half of the living and growing room, half of the blood, access to other living matter, and milk, human reproductive cells require to achieve healthy childhood. Nor do the cells from male sex organs, about 1,000 times smaller than the female egg cells and with no connection with the production of new individuals of the family but a union by 2 fully grown adults--no union could be the source or means of perpetuation of any matter, of necessity in existence to effect it--contribute half of anything. For thousands of years, men have been stealing their daughters' fertility & right to represent the child, and to perpetuate their own lust for power, have sold them to other men to fuck themselves off on.

Beatrice Siliverius





Strawbs. Since keyboard phenomenon Rick Wakeman (who the *London Times* described as 'the pop instrumentalist find of the year') joined original members Dave Cousins and Tony Hooper along with new rhythm section Richard Hudson and Jon Ford, The Strawbs have grown considerably. According to *Melody Maker*, in fact, they have since "evolved into one of the most exciting bands on the scene, into an incredibly tight and harmonic rock band."

No less astute an observer than Cat Stevens has enthused about The Strawbs, "They really knock me out."

Hear them in their latest, and definitely most exciting form on their very new A & M album, *From The Witchwood*, available now wherever fine records are sold.

A&M Records and Tapes

What's that smell like fish oh baby?

HOT TUNA

first pull up, then pull down, electric recorded live on RCA records and tapes

THE EARL

Gathering at the Earl of Old Town (Dunwich records, Chicago, \$5.98).

The Earl of Old Town is a bar near the corner of North and Wells that has for five years served as a showcase for some of the finest local folksingers. This record is a presentation of some of this local talent, most never recorded before. The Earl is a pretty friendly and informal place—unlike most of the other bars on Wells street—there is very little hustling, no one pushes you to buy 10 drinks, and the last time I was there, you could still get a beer for less than a dollar. It's about time this record came out—it would be good if there were more records like this, giving various local artists a well deserved chance to get more exposure.

Without a doubt, Steve Goodman, who plays and sings three songs (two of his own composition) comes away easily as the star of this album. Steve sings about being behind the eight ball, the common complaints and wishes that you have when you're down and out: "and I do not know your name, my friend, but I've seen that face before. Yes, I've seen it in the jailhouse, and I've seen it in the war, and I've seen it in the mirror, a couple of times before." He sings a song about coming home to open his door and finding the door broke down. Inside were three ugly looking critters who turned out to be narcs. "Would you like to buy a Fuller brush?" he asks them. And finally he does a nostalgic song about America's disappearing railroads. If some record company were smart, they'd be over there with a contract real soon.

Jim Post (formerly half of Friend and Lover) does an anti-war song entitled "Prepare for Invasion" and "Colorado Exile" which is about going to "live by a river until my soul is clean." Jim doubled as producer of the album.

Fred Holstein, who was the first singer booked at the Earl in 1966, and has since then been their most frequent performer, also contributes three songs, all of them beautiful. The thing that has always impressed me the most about Fred is that even at 3:30 in the morning, with four people left in the bar, he still tries awfully hard to give his best performance—he sings as though there was a full auditorium before him.

We're also treated to two songs by Fred's brother Ed, and two by Ginni Clemmens (who you can currently hear on weekends at Orphans, 2462 N. Lin-



coln) as well as one by Aliotta, Haynes & Jeremiah.

In a way, what's wrong with this album is not what's on it, but what's missing. First, there's nothing by Bonnie Koloc, who got her start at the Earl, and then went on to Mister Kelly's. That's because she has another recording contract. Secondly, there's nothing by John Prine—a folksinger who writes all his own material and whom some have (justly) labeled a latter-day Bob Dylan.

The Earl is always a place I've enjoyed visiting—whether to grab a beer and hamburger, listen to some music, or engage in a friendly political argument with the manager, Gus, who jokingly calls himself the place's "resident Fascist." This album gives you just a taste of the kind of music that goes on 7 nights a week (9 p.m. to 4 a.m.) at the Earl. It's well worth listening to—but no substitute for the real thing—live and in person.

--Bernie

(continued from page 5)

INDIANS VS. PALEFACES: WHAT HAPPENED NEXT. . .

The Indians were able to stay at the Church July 2, but were told they had to leave by noon the following day. The Church administration's excuse was that it was not "adequate" living quarters for so many people. They called the cops "only as a last resort." And by 9 that night, the Church was being guarded and no one was allowed to leave or enter. At noon the next day, the Indians were still there, with more cops, and threats of calling the riot squad to evict them. At about 2:00 p.m., they finally left. The Church supplied 2 buses to transport them to the Indian Village office.

What happened next was quick — too quick for the police to believe it had happened. That very evening, several carloads of Indian Village people drove out to Big Bend Lake near DesPlaines, where they resettled on the land. Most of their supplies had been destroyed or left at the Nike Site, but they made it those first few nights at big Bend on spirit and determination. Soon they were joined by others, and now the new campsite is inhabited by almost 100 people. They are slowly acquiring tents and food and needed supplies, and getting organized. It looks like they will be allowed to stay on this site for some time; the city is biding its time and probably waiting for the press coverage to die down before making a move.

The day we visited the new site, it was warm. Kids, and a few adults, were swimming in the lake. A volunteer medic was tending to a little girl's cut toe. We were handed bowls of beef stew by one man, and people seemed in good spirits. When asked how long they planned to stay there, most people would just sort of smile and say "who knows?" I got the feeling that even if they didn't know where they'd be tomorrow, or in a week, or month, they at least knew they'd be together. Part of the same struggle. And if they DID know, they weren't tellin'. If there's one thing people from Indian Village have got, it's good surprise tactics.

What they don't have much of are: cooking stoves, blankets, food (especially meat), portable iceboxes, and cigarettes. They could also use good boots — sizes 8 to 10— since they're levin' in the country now.

Money is also always needed. As of the writing of this article (July 12) there are still several of their people in jail. Send all contributions of money to Chicago Indian Village, 1354 Wilson, Chicago, Ill. Take supplies to them at the entrance to Big Bend Lake, on the Forest Preserve outside DesPlaines (just off Golf Road).

And stay tuned to your local news to hear what happens next.

—diane

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CALENDAR

ART

Chicago Gallery of Photography—open Sat. & Sun from noon until 8 p.m. 3742 W. Irving Park Road, 478-5188. A new, not-for-profit gallery set up to promote photography as a fine art.

MUSEUM OF CONTEMPORARY ART, 237 E. Ontario. Thru September 5: exhibition of paintings by Allan D'Arcangelo. Thru September 10: exhibition of paintings and sculpture by Jasper Johns. Thursday, July 29th at 8 p.m., the museum's director will lecture on D'Arcangelo. Tours can be arranged by calling Helen Ratzner, 943-7755.

First Annual New Town Art Fair Saturday, July 31 through Sunday, August 1st at Broadway and Belmont to Diversy. All exhibitors welcome, contact Jan Messinger or Selma Rosenberg at Harper Galleries, between 11 am and 6 p.m. call MU-4-1173. Other times, call FA-4-3484.

ARTISTS-CHICAGO SEED INTERESTED IN ORIGINAL GRAFT FOR USE-CREDIT GIVEN. BLACK & WHITE SKETCHES OR 3 COLOR WORK WITH SEPARATIONS. CALL 929-0133 or STOP IN AT 950 W. Wrightwood.

COMMUNITY

FREE LEGAL CLINIC at TWO headquarters, 1135 East 63rd street. Wed. from 7 to 8 p.m.

Tues & Thurs at 7 p.m. and Sat at 4 p.m. Political Education classes are held by the Black Panther Party at the State headquarters and at the Westside office, 924-6575 or 738-0778.

Vigil for Women for Peace every Sat. at 11 a.m. -1 p.m. State Street between Madison & Washington.

TRIAD COSMIC RADIO weeknites from 8 to 12 p.m. on 106 FM.

GAY LIBERATION FRONT new members meetings are being held on Wednesdays from 7 to 9 p.m. at 667 W. Barry. Thierry on bell. For further info, call 472-2967.

GAY COMMUNITY CENTER at 171 W. Elm open every nite and all weekend for informal rapping. Everyone welcome. Chicago Gay Alliance Meetings held every Sunday at 7 p.m., followed by a communal dinner.

FREE SPEECH FORUM every Friday at 8 p.m. at People's Church, Armitage & Dayton sponsored by Lincoln Park Rights Coalition. 642-2624. No admission.

COLLEGE OF COMPLEXES meets at St. Regis Cafe, 105 W. Grand Avenue every Saturday nite at 9 p.m. for talks followed by open ended discussion. Sat. July 17th: "Sensitivity Training, Mankind's savior or hoax?" by Philip A. Watt M.B.A. \$1 tuition.

NORTHSIDE WOMEN'S LIBERATION. The Sisters Center, 7071 Glenwood will be open every Thursday evening at 7:30 p.m. for a rap group and women's history study group. Call 338-6073.

LA DOLORES CENTER, 2150 N. Halsted, sponsors community services for women, including Women's History Workshops, an Anarchist Study group, occasional films and speakers and free pregnancy testing. For further info, call 935-0324.

POETRY READINGS at the Whole Earth Store 530 Dempster in Evanston every Sunday at 8 p.m.

RADICAL LESBIANS meet every Sat. at 2 p.m. at 171 W. Elm.

FREE LEGAL CLINIC every Wed. from 7 to 10 p.m. at Rising Up Angry office, 2744 N. Lincoln. Call 472-1791 for information.

The United Farm Workers Organizing Committee is currently involved in two projects: putting pressure on Hueblein Corp. to sign winegrape contracts and getting pickets for scab tablegrapes. We hold a supporters meeting every Wednesday night at 7:30 p.m. and we would like you to attend. If you have any questions at all, please call 939-5121 or 939-5120.

PEOPLES FAIR—July 25 from 12 to 6 p.m. Free rock music, folk singers, poetry, speakers and You! at Lombard Commons Park, Grace St. and St. Charles Rd. Lombard, Ill.

26th of July Festival. Celebrating the Cuban Revolution. In Solidarity with the People's Survival Programs. Monday July 26 4 p.m. on at Peoples Park Armitage & Halsted. Free Food Bands, Slide shows, and raps. If you can help, call the Venceramos Brigade c/o People's Information Center—549-8626.

Poetry Reading Tuesday at 10 p.m. at Kingston Mines Company Store, 2354 N. Lincoln Avenue.

THEATRE & DANCE

BREATHE DEEPLY, Today is A rock-interpreted tragicomedy in ragtime for a broken heart. Thru September. Sundays at 7 and 9 p.m. and Mondays at 8. FREE. For further info. Call 929-6920. At the Free Theatre, 3257 N. Sheffield.

THE PUPPET PLACE presents "The Last Unicorn" Fri, Sat & Sun at 8 p.m. FREE at 3402 N. Halsted.

THE COMMUNITY ARTS FOUNDATION presents "Dream Theatre"—actual dreams performed by the "Chicago Extension" at the Body Politic, 2259 N. Lincoln Ave. Fridays and Sat. at 8:30 p.m. \$2 and \$3. Call 477-1977 for reservations.

GREASE, "the rock and roll musical of the 50's" has been extended for a third ten week run at Kingston Mines Theatre, 2356 N. Lincoln Thursdays thru Sunday at 8:30 p.m. thru Sept 5th. For reservations 525-9893. Before the show, catch a good meal next door at the Kingston Mines Company Store.

THEATER PARTY--Brendan Behan's THE BORSTAL BOY—Chicago area premier, Sun. August 1st at 7:30 p.m. at the Academy Playhouse, Barat College, Lake Forest. Tickets \$10 each for benefit of Chicago Medical Committee for Human Rights. Mail checks for tickets to Chicago Chapter, MCHR, 701 S. Marshfield, Chicago, Ill. 60612.

Organic Theater presents "Poe" at the Body Politic, 2259 N. Lincoln Ave. Wed, Thurs, Fri at 8:30, Sat at 8:30 and 10:30, Sunday at 8:30. Opens July 14. Reservations 477-1977.

"Give it back to the Indians" a satirical musical review based on Stan Freeberg's works covering the history of the United States is at the Cafe TOPA, 3806 N. Ashland Ave. Friday at 8:30 p.m. and Sat at 8 p.m. and 10:30 p.m. For reservations and info, call 549-8618. Opened July 9th for 8 week run.

GOODMAN'S CHILDREN THEATRE COMPANY presents "The Marvelous Misadventure of Sherlock Holmes" by Thom Racina, thru August 14. Tues thru Sat at 2:30 p.m., Sat. at 11:30 a.m. For reservations, 236-2337.

MOVIES

3 PENNY CINEMA—unionized workers at this theatre are now on strike after one of them was pushed to the ground and kicked by one of the new managers. Three people, including one employee were arrested for peaceful picketing after the managers blocked their way and pushed them. DON'T GO TO THREE PENNY CINEMA OR TO THE WORLD PLAYHOUSE DOWNTOWN, which has the same management. Call 929-0133 for latest information.

ALICE'S REVISITED, 950 W. Wrightwood Showings at 8 and 10 p.m. every Tuesdays. July: Italian Film Festival, July 13th: Red Desert (Antonioni), July 20th: La Tera Terema (Visconti) and July 27: Mondo Cane.

BIOGRAPH THEATRE, 2433 N. Lincoln Avenue. Admission is \$1.25 for adults for a double feature. 75 cents for kids. Current: Shirley Knight and Al Freeman Jr. In "Dutchman" and John Wayne, Maureen O'Hara and Barry Fitzgerald in "The Quiet Man." Starting July 23rd: "Yellow Submarine" with the Beatles (see this one tripping) and "King of Hearts". Good penny candy.

MUSEUM OF CONTEMPORARY ART, 237 E. Ontario. Special Series of Film Classics and British Experimental Films. Thurs. August 5 at 8 p.m. "Grapes of Wrath" (1940) Thurs. August 12 at 8 p.m. "Journey Into Fear" (1942), Thursdays August 19 at 8 p.m. British Film Institute Films, and Thursday August 26 at 8 p.m. "Phantom of the Opera" (1925). Admission \$1.50 per film.

Children's films—free and in color Thursdays at 10 a.m. and 1 p.m. in July at the Field Museum, Roosevelt Road at Lake Shore Drive. July 15: "Adventures of an Otter" July 22: "The Living Jungle, July 29: "The Red Balloon." There is an admission charge to the museum on Thursday. Free admission to the theatre only is at the West entrance.

JAPANESE CINEMA—the latest Japanese films every Saturday and Sunday at Francis W. Parker Auditorium, 2247 N. Clark Street Saturdays at 7 p.m. and Sundays at 2 and 7 p.m. Go see Japanese films there instead of at the scab 3 Penny Cinema.

Free Movies at Noahs, 934 W. Webster, every Monday at 8 p.m. (This is a bar—must be 21).

Films for 50 cents Wednesday nites at 10 p.m. at Kingston Mines Company store, 2354 N. Lincoln Avenue.

MUSIC

BENEFIT for American Friends Service Committee. AN HOUR WITH JOAN BAEZ at the Auditorium Theatre, Friday, August 6th at 7:30 and 9:30 p.m. Tickets \$2 each. All seats reserved. For info, call Ha-7-2533. Send mail orders with stamped self-addressed envelopes to AFSC, 407 S. Dearborn, Chicago Ill. 60605.

WISEFOOLS PUB, 2270 N. Lincoln. Wilderness Road every Thursday. McLuhan Wednesdays. \$1 admission and two drink minimum. (This is a bar, you must be 21). Call 929-1510.

The Barbarossa (the folksingers folk club) features Tary Rebenar Sundays thru Thurs. at 10:30 p.m. Friday and Sat, July 16 & 17: Allan Rondo. 1117 N. Dearborn, 944-8959. This is a bar, you must be 21.

Folksinging Friday, Saturday and Sunday at 11 p.m. at Kingston Mines Company Store, 2354 N. Lincoln Avenue.

Village School of Folk Music, 631 Deerfield Rd. Deerfield Ill will have a "Woody Guthrie Hoot-nanny on Sunday July 18th as a fund raising event to combat Huntington's disease, which killed Woody. For info, call 945-5321.

TRIANGLE PRODUCTIONS: Johnny Mathis July 16-17-18, Steve Stills: July 16, Faces, Deep Purple, DADA, July 20-21. Temptations, July 23. Associations July 25. Tickets at all ticketron outlets. Dial TICKETS or go to 300 N. State.

Rahab's—a coffeehouse at 1207 W. Balmoral (5400 N) Fri, Sat & Sun at 9 p.m. to 1 a.m. 50 cents cover. Food and entertainment.

Benefit concert for Dialogues 71 at St. Luke's gym, 7600 W. Lake Street, River Forest, July 17, Sat nite at 7:30. Featuring Mountain Bus—one day after the release of their new record Sundance. \$1 admission.

ALICE'S REVISITED, 950 W. Wrightwood Every Friday and Saturday in July: Otis Rush Blues band, with Rawl Hardman & Jim Conley on saxophone, Bobby Davis on the drums. You must be 18 on weekends. The Great Butterflynut Mystery every Wednesday. Carey Bell and Eddie Taylor every Thursday. The Rawl Hardman group will play every Sunday in July, backed on the 18th by Windrush. Call 528-4250 for further information. Open Friday and Saturday from 7-2, Sunday from 4-12 and Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday from 4-1. Closed on Monday.

ORPHANS, 2462 N. Lincoln Avenue, phone 929-2677. Ginni Clemmens on Fri & Sat. Rich Markow and Larry Rand Weds thru Sun and Folk fest on Sundays. No cover charge. This is a bar, you must be 21.

THE QUIET KNIGHT, Belmont & Sheffield presents Siegel-Schwall blues band on Tuesday nites. \$3 (includes two drinks. This is a bar, you must be 21). Wed thru Sun July 14-18: Leo Kottke with Wendy Winsted, July 21-25: Janis Ian, and July 28 through August 1st: John Denver with Chet Nichols.

DRAFT RESISTANCE BENEFIT July 14th from 6 p.m. to midnight. At Alice's Revisited, 950 W. Wrightwood. Wilderness Road, Siegel-Schwall, Yama and the Karma Dusters and the Rawl Hardman group.

Talent and Amateur Shows at Club International, 4363 N. Sheridan Road. Every Thursday night at 9 p.m. for 18 years and over. For info call 862-5007 and ask for Jean Weiss.

EARL OF OLD TOWN, 1615 N. Wells Street. Folk music nightly, 9 p.m. to 4 a.m. This is a bar, you must be 21.

August 27-29, tenth annual Philadelphia Folk Festival. Tickets available from Philadelphia Folk Festival, 7113 Emlen Street, Philadelphia Pa. 19119.

McLuhan: mixed media music and Chuck Perrin folksinger every Thursday at 8:30 p.m. at "It's Here" 6455 N. Sheridan Rd. Two dollars admission. Call 743-9781 for more information.

MODERN MUSIC WORKSHOP Thursday July 22 at 8 p.m. at the Museum of Contemporary Art, 237 E. Ontario.

CLASSES

Free electronics classes, theory, troubleshooting, design, repair, call Wally at Euphoria Blimpworks, 8 W. Tooker Pl., phone 787-4146.

Kriya Yoga Classes by Yogi S.A.A. Ramiah, disciple of Mahavatar Babaji, every Wednesday at 6:30 p.m. at Chicago Babaji Yoga Sangam, 3842 N. Orchard street, number 11. Phone 549-0031.

On going self defenses classes Sat. morning at Ida Noyes Hall, 1212 East 59th Street in Hyde Park at 9 a.m. (men and women), Monday & Thursday night at 6 p.m. at the IWW Hall, 2440 N. Lincoln (women only.)

Summer Dance workshop at Columbia College thru July 23 daily. 9:30 to 11:30. Shirley Mor-dine, director. For info, call 467-0300.

Workshop on communal living—call Oscar J. Gottard at 525-0966 for further information.

SUMMER WORKSHOPS IN MIME will be held at the Body Politic. For details, write or call Benjamin Rogner at the Chicago Mime company 4527 N. Paulina 769-0337.

Chinese Gung-Fu is an esoteric science of self-defense that aims to create a divine man and woman. Parkway Community Center, 500 E. 67th street. Call John Thomas, 493-1306 for further information.

THE PEOPLES SCHOOL, 4409 N. Sheridan is having liberation classes, featuring courses in philosophy, music, the occult, photography street medicine earth class, Afro-American history, creative writing, etc. Mon thru Thurs. and FREE. For info, call 561-6737.

ALICES SURVIVAL SCHOOL courses at 950 W. Wrightwood. All classes are free.

Tuesday from 6 p.m. to 10 p.m. free legal advice. 7 p.m. Psychodrama (new members), 7:30 p.m. Psychodrama (regular members)

Weds: at 7 p.m. open men's meeting, 10:30 poetry.

Saturday there is a free school workshop which is meeting elsewhere and then a children's program at 2 p.m. For further info on location of the workshop, contact 525-3353 Kim or John.

For further info on Alice's classes or to rap about starting new ones, call 528-4250.

The Butterflynut is now teaching! Mon, Tues, Thurs and Fri. at 538 W. Deming. Wed. at Alices (950 W. Wrightwood)—Dulcimer, Autoharp, Guitar, Harmonica, etc. Call 787 8897 or 477-7329 for appointment. Barry or Frank.

Correspondence course in Afro-American history available from the DuSable Museum of African-American History, 3806 S. Michigan Tuition \$25 payable in installments.

Peoples Economics Research/Action Project of the Chicago Area Group on Latin America is researching Chicago institutions and their operations in Latin America. Meet every Monday night, 7:30 at 800 W. Belden (downstairs McCormick Seminary Library).

University Dialogues 71 at the First Congregational Church, 848 Lake Street in Oak Park. Programs are held weekly on Tuesdays evens. at 7:30 p.m. July 20: "So you want to live in the counter culture?—a dialogue with members of Reba House in Evanston and the Mustard Seed, a city-farm commune located in Chicago and Lawrence, Mich. which includes "The Four of Us" who destroyed Evanston draft records recently. July 22: Mock Conscientious Objector hearing at 8 p.m. August 3rd: "Who are the Extremists?" with Phil Vision of the Jewish War Veterans. and August 10: "Community Organization—And Then What?" with Margo Flynn and James McNiel of the Organization for a Better Austin. On August 17: Abortion and It Alternatives. For further info, call Ed Goedert, 369-8304.

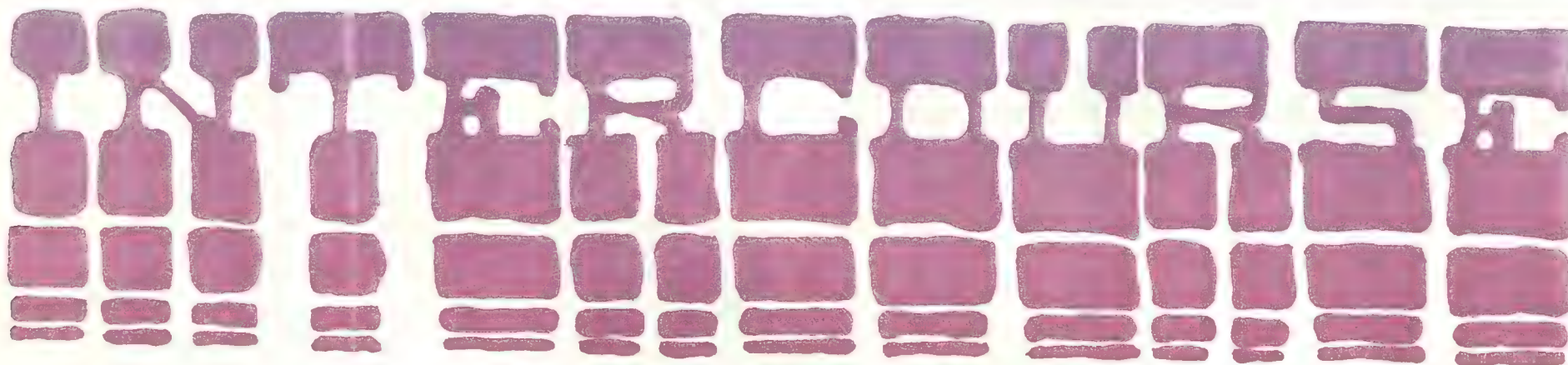
A New School in the Martial Arts for the Lincoln Park area: Classes in Tai Chi and karate complete series. Location: United Martial Arts Foundation, Wellington Congregational Church 615 W. Wellington, gym fourth floor. Time: Thursday July 15, 6:30 p.m.

On July 18 there will be a People's Tribunal at the empty lot Lill Street and Lincoln Avenue. The people will put the Board of Health & the hospitals on trial for their inhuman medical treatment of the people of Chicago. Call the People's Information Center, 549-8626 for further information.

EATING:

Recently discovered by one Seed staff member was a truly fine Mexican restaurant La Gloria Taco at 939 Webster. The management is specially friendly and helpful, and you can get both soft and crispy tacos. They deliver—phone 348-9856.

LISTINGS IN THIS CALENDAR ARE FREE
—SEND INFORMATION ON ANY UPCOMING
EVENTS TO: Calendar c/o Seed, 950 W. Wright-
wood, Chgo, Ill. 60614.



MESSAGES

Peace, Love & Happiness to you Bill ("peggy") from joyce ("cud").

Gibbs M.J. Call Mr. Lem right away Sumiko is in a bad way and Bob Hosford is Dead!

Attn "Doo Be": I'm the dude frdm Chicago you met on the bus to "celebration of life." I go bust-ed. PLEASE contact me at 312-626-7594. (use your "credit card" Ha. Ha). It's important. Joe Buti.

Red, Please send letter! I'm happy and okay. Me. Cathy Grant.

Want to find our son, Ralph A. Gillmann, who has been missing since March 18, 1971, having left Northwestern university in Evanston, Illinois. About 6'2" tall, reddish-blond hair, wears metal-rimmed glasses. Weighs 140 to 150. May have movie camera and guitar with him. 20 years old. If you have any information whatsoever about him, we would greatly appreciate hearing from you. Please call collect any evening after 5:00—area code 312-799-5334. Mr. & Mrs. Allan Gillmann.

Would like to find my daughter, Bernadine Dohrn. Don't know what got into her. She was such a good girl. Then she started hanging out with a bad crowd. Oh, well, if you've seen her, let me know. Sincerely, J. Edgar Hoover.

Sandy the letter writer—if my letters can't come to your house, why don't you get a post office box? Please do it, Sandy. You cared enough to make contact with me. I care enough to make contact with you, if you'll give me the chance. Give me an address to reach you.—Kimberly Joy.

Bernie Farber—I love you—Mary.

Happy birthday Jamie—mother.

Happy birthday Jamie—daddy.

Happy birthday Dick O'Brien—Jamie. At least there's one person over 30 I can trust.

Mary—come get Charlie Tuna. E can't leave him alone. Sleez.

E—bring Charlie back or else!—Mary

PETER—THANX FOR DOING THAT FAR OUT MASTHEAD THIS ISSUE—US.

US ARE EVERYWHERE! EVERYWHERE!

FOR SALE/ TRADE

Old Movie Posters and ads. \$5 up. Great for framing. 869-5563 or Box 494 Evanston.

Earthpig Enterprises of Ann Arbor, Michigan selling waterbeds of quality with guarantee. Cheap. Call 761-0428. or 472-5301 before 6:30 p.m.

FOR SALE: 1965 Ford, 4-Dr, V-8 352 engine. New battery, tires, shocks, etc. Power steering, good condition, one owner, low miles. \$595 or best offer. Michael 644-6169. Also selling 1) vintage gibson co-classic guitar and case \$100, 2) waterbed and liner—new, king size \$50, 3) 35 mm camera Zeiss-Ikon 2.8 Contessa with electronic flash, tripod, case, lenses, \$100.

Clothes—custom made—colorful—reasonable—call 525-1523.

For sale: like new Sear's Coldspot 6.6 cubic foot freezer: counter level is an ideal for apartments. It holds a lot of food without taking up much space. The top can also be used as a work space. Cost \$180 new—less than 2 years old—asking \$100 or best offer. Call 525-1523 or (if no answer) 388-0265.

Sitar—approx \$125 worth much more—must self. Call 327-5721. Wes & Judi.

This is a community bulletin board, not a classified ad section. This service is free but we accept donations. We've tried to eliminate rip-offs, legal turn-ons, model ads, dating services, hip capitalist crap, and sexist ads. We still cannot vouch for the sincerity or legitimacy of ads, and if you still get ripped-off let us know. Not all notices can be run for the upcoming issue if they're sent in too late. If your ad is dated, send it in about one month before the deadline, so as to assure its appearance. Ads aren't accepted over the phone—bring them in or mail them. When you give us the ad, include a phone number and/or address where we can reach you if there is a question. Phone & address can be withheld for the asking. We may assign Seed box numbers to ads of a possibly personal nature, to eliminate crank phone calls, etc. You may request a box number. Any mail received for box numbers will not be forwarded. You must call or come in and pick it up. After six weeks it will be discarded. Any more questions?—call Maralee at the Seed.

Ludwig Classic four piece drum set, includes stands, cymbals, and seat. Good condition. \$300. Also I Sansui 2000A Amplifier and 2 Sansui 2000 speakers. \$600. Never used! Call 491-6442.

For Sale: Yamaha F.G. 180 Acoustical Guitar. 7 months old. \$60. Need money to repossess electric. Leave Message, Box 23 Skiddoo.

For Sale: Ludwig super classic double bass, double tom-tom drum set, 20" and 22" zeldian cymbals, all accessories. Damn good condition. \$550 or offer. Call Sp-4-3260 and ask for Jeff.

RIDES

Need ride to Ann Arbor, Mich. Fast! Will share expenses. Leave message for Mary. Pl-2-2820.

Riders: Chicago is a downer so I am splitting for San Francisco some time in August and can take 1 or 2 people who can leave on short notice and could share driving, expenses, and good vibes. Call Bryan before 7 p.m. at 622-2725.

I need a ride to West Coast (preferably Washington) July 19-22 will share gas expense. Call Gerard—anytime at 472-2685.

Rider wanted, Biker going to west coast in Sept. Will be camping out along way. 598-8703. (mornings.)

One or two people need ride to California (Humboldt State College) leaving no sooner than July 30th, arriving no later than August 7th. Will share driving & gas. Call Charles at 338-7149 or 379-1149.

Ride needed to California (Bay area), share driving & gas. Call Toni at 379-1149 or anyone at 338-7149.

Two females leaving around July 17 or 18th need a ride preferred place to Athens, Alabama or Columbia, Tennessee, or Boeing Green Kentucky or Louisville, Kentucky. Contact Marilyn Blumberg. 6435 N. Washtenaw. 743-7231.

Ride wanted to Toronto for guy & woman. Share gas & drive. Leave July 15-19. Call Cindy 348-4663 after 6:30.

Ride wanted to Denver or Boulder. Leave Aug. 12-18. Share gas and Drive. Call Kevin at 467-0302 before 5—on weekdays. Van wanted—'65 or older Must have good engine. Call John at 348-4663.

✕ CRIBS ✕

Working and/or living space in a loft. \$25 a month including utilities. Milwaukee-Ashland-Division Streets. Peaceful, creative people. Tom 235-2735.

MUSIC

Blues guitarist wanting to get into Chicago style blues band. Has own guitar. Also plays good harp. Call Rich at 379-4443.

HELP!

Wanted: Key-line-paste-up artist. Several years experience. \$130-\$150 a week. Box 43.

Trucking from here to there. Call Bob 973-4142.

Positions currently available for acting or technical apprentices with the Ensemble's performing company. Four month apprenticeships are available which can result in a position in the company. Apprentices train five days a week with company members. Contact The Ensemble, 4520 N. Beacon Street, Chicago 60640 or call 769-0601. Tues-Sat from 1 to 8 p.m.

I need a baby sitter for two girls age 5 1/2 and 4 years old. The girl I need must be able to care for my girls from 7 to 5:30 and 7 to 1 on Saturday. They have been raised as people not babies. The girl could live in if she wants. I can afford to pay \$35 a week. Tom Veltum 914 N. 22nd Street. 345-5108 (or at work: 463-8255). Melrose Park, Illinois. (Typist's note: I find it strange that he would assume that somebody would have to be female to be interested in taking care of children.)

Looking for work. I'm in early thirties. Hip and dig open minded people. Go to school in the eve. Will tell you what I'm looking for when you call me. Ask for Sheldon. 943-6319. Call 8:30 to 10 in morning.

Current job shows definitely possibilities of ending within next year and a half. Need to plan for the future. Have had considerable executive experience. Intelligent, resourceful and cunning. Let me make this perfectly clear: I'm not looking for any handouts or siniceres—I want to work! That's what made this country great—hard work—before the Irish and Polish and Italian and the colored people came here and ruined it all. Will consider any and all offers in line with my dignity and stature. Contact R.M. Nixon, 1600 Pennsylvania Avenue, Washington, D.C.

Young mother with 1 child would like to take care of 2 children in own home. 787-3558.

MISC.

Anyone interested in going to the book farm of Stephen Gaskin's (Monday night class) please contact me. Write Box CAR. Seed.

Headshop in Silverton Colo. needs good place nearby to relocate to. Any suggestions? Write to the Red Door, General Delivery, Silverton, Colo. 81433.

Many thanks to the people on surf who found my puppy. Rita.

Jay: please call & please your phone number—thanks mitch.

Jesse: I no longer have your phone number. Please call and leave it. Thanks. Mitch.

Herman—I'm turning to you, begging you, because you're the one I LOVED & still love. I really need you cause I'm freaking out bad. Please help me!!! Christie (C.M.S.)

WANTED

Babysitter for 2 year old boy full or part time around Belden & Lincoln. Mother with child or children the same age (or thereabouts) & who doesn't feed them funk foods preferred. Call 327-4148.

Free Mieneograph machine for nefarious purposes. Contact Mr. Natural at 929-0133.

We need to rap with people that have ocean sailing commune together or thoughts of same. Also island homesteading plans and hopes. Information on Nani Hawaii also needed. Call Peter or Sue at either of the following numbers Ro-3-1636 or Ro-3-5403.

27 year old professional male wants to share late model mobil home southwest of Chicago situated on Farm lot (can keep horse). Share expenses prefer female but will consider straight male. Wayne. Mornings best. 815-485-8883.

19 year old guy wants a driver's license and draft card of a guy who is twenty-one. I am 6ft. tall weigh 150 lbs. and have brown hair & hazel eyes. Will pay reasonable amount. Call 474-1873 ask for Craig.

I need desperately a compact rock organ. Hoping for 'Farfesa' Can't afford much—\$150. cash or that vicinity. Call Biff at 468-5854 between 12:30 p.m. and 4 p.m. or write Biff Baker—11754 Wallace, Chicago, Ill.

Female Modern Dancer (gay) needs female dancer to worke out daily one to two hours —lessons are a rip-off. I live in Gary now but am looking for a job in Chicago. Write Sally Gross, 4148 Monroe St. Gary Indiana or call 219-887-3783.

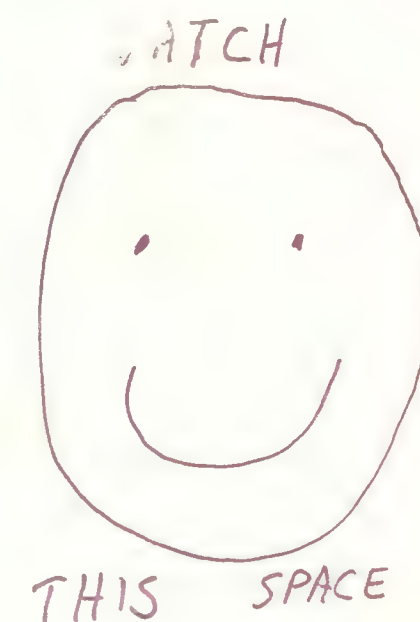
Van—1964 or newer. Under \$800. For highway and camping. Michael 644-6169.

Wanted a mimeo machine to be used for revolutionary leaflet. To be used on Southside until July 15, then to be used on Northside. Also looking for crib around Seed office area. Also interested in people who want to work on newspaper—leaflet. Call Jay Pu-5-4952 late at night.

STOP. If you know where I can find the guy who makes or sells those electric yo-yo's Please call me. Jessy 477-4621.

Anyone with pix of James Taylor-C. King concert—would like to borrow negatives for remakes. Desperate—will pay. No rip-off. Marcia, 6834 Kansas, Hammond, Ind. 46323

Sell the Seed: Make bread. Pick 'em up at 950 W. Wrightwood—we always need more street sellers.



CHICAGO

ANNUAL BLOOMERS

a one year subscription to THE SEED costs:

☐ \$6 sent via third-class mail (\$8 to Canada)

☐ \$10 sent via first-class mail (\$12 to Canada)

☐ \$12 to institutions

☐ \$15 overseas

☐ \$0 to prisoners

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY, STATE, ZIP _____

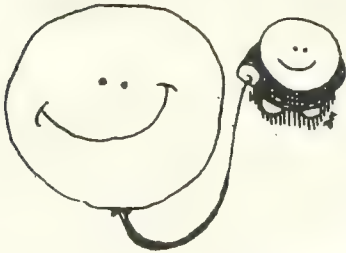
return to Seed, 950 Wrightwood,
Chicago, Ill. 60614

SEEDS



WE WANT YOU!

No, it's not that you've been drafted. We want you to sell the Chicago Seed. You can earn some money---and spread the word to your sisters & brothers at the same time!!! Pick up your copies now at 950 W. Wrightwood, 2nd floor any day between 11 a.m. and 6 p.m.
It's a lot more fun than being drafted.



“This is
Pete Fornatale
from WNEW-FM
in New York. And
I’m here because
I like John Denver-
very much.”



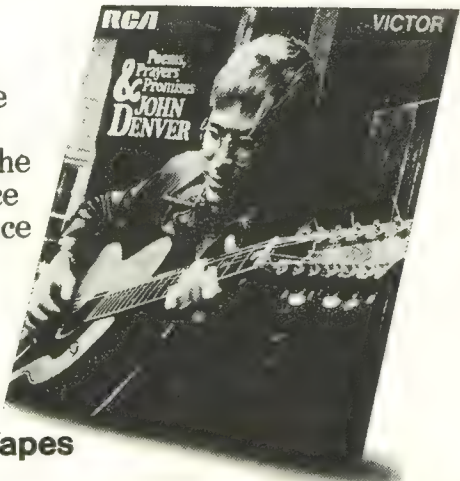
A few excerpts from
a recent interview
about John Denver’s
newest album, “Poems,
Prayers & Promises.”

“It struck me immediately
as an anthem for the new
consciousness...

“John Denver...is one of
the few performers who
writes for himself, and
writes *brilliantly*, but also
has the tremendous capa-
city to interpret the works
of others with equal
brilliance...which is the
case with every song not
written by John on this
album...

“The album has tremen-
dous social conscience.
There’s a lot of romance
and there’s politics. There’s
reflections and sincerity
and most important, and
perhaps more than
anything else, there is
the difficult notion of
survival in chaotic
1971 America...

“Whenever I listen to
John Denver, I feel like
I’m on leave from the
revolution and this is the
watering hole, the place
to kind of get sustenance
to go on...”



RCA Records and Tapes

The M.D.D.A. is the Midwest Dope Dealer's Association--a righteous group of dope dealers concerned with getting cheap and good quality dope to the people. It was formed in 1967 and has since become a regional chapter of the American Dope Dealers Association (ADDA) and an affiliate of National Association of Reality Controllers (also known as NARC). The MDDA lists current prices and quality control reports with the Seed on this page. Other activities of the MDDA include fighting the use of death drugs, such as smack and speed in our community (and providing such fun substitutes as grass, acid and mescaline), uncovering and publicizing the names of narcs and MDDA also con-

tributed \$90,000 to aid the escape of Timothy Leary from jail. (Tim recently confirmed this in an interview with Playboy magazine). The MDDA has a ten point platform and program which we would like to present here for you--the problem is that every time we look at it, it keeps changing.

And now, this week's dope prices, brought to you by the MDDA:

ACID

WINDOW PANES still available and still very good.....\$2.00 hit

PURPLE MICRODOTS in small quantity but reported very good quality....\$2.00 hit and \$.50 in hundreds

NEW YORK IMPORT.....ORANGE SUNSHINE very small quantity

WEED

Football shaped compressed pounds of KILLER COLUMBIAN gets the M.D.D.A. BEST OF THE WEEK AWARD.....\$150.00 pound

Small quantities of JAMACIAN hve been popping up on the North Side.....\$15 to \$20 lid

CRASH SPECIAL due in from Coast any day now.....WE GREET YOU WITH OPEN ARMS!!

REMEMBER.....NIXON IS THE ONLY DOPE WORTH SHOOTING

DR. EPOD Rx

Dr. Natural Rx



I came from the child I was, who came
Never knowing that she and all children vanish,
Or at least are laid gently in trunks and boxes
With dolls and cloth bears and photographs
And relinquished to the touch of soft dust in attic-silence.

The dust settles; the dark gathers; until, one day
Another child
Opens the trunk and touches the things
Of another vanished child. And that is some consolation.

That is, however, already beginning
In the middle of things.
There was a first child to vanish and that was beginning
But you have no wisdom to dream there.

Begin then where you are.

Begin to understand that you are past
Many endings already. That you have ceased to be,
Have stopped, have disappeared,
And something has gone on.

There is no need to return.
Retrace the steps as far as you can follow:
Your string has no end, no knot where anything starts
Except here.
To begin somewhere in the middle,
And when you come to the end,
To go on somehow.
Or back. Or to start all over again,
The end is the middle. The beginning?—
Was. And that is all you may assume.
There was a beginning, a once upon a time,
Or there is a beginning. But you will never know it again,
Except at the end when you continue.

Perhaps the beginning was eyes,
And the difference is blue and brown,
But mine are green so I cannot tell.
Or even to wonder about origins and commencements
Being the fool's game, I can never find my way there.
At least that's what I claim
When I am wise and busy.
But I assume a secret, still and beautiful
At the beginning. There's a dark voice
That murmurs to me some mystery.
And thus it is that I, a child in the midst,
Ponder what was and how beginnings are.

Well beyond my reach or dreams' reach
Is my mother being a child, my father a boy,
And all the vanished children lying in the earth before
In solemn rows, who fathered and mothered them.

Wherever this that is stops, go on from there.
When this color fades, begin a new color.
But they blend at the end and beginning:
There is no start or stop, only going on,
And don't be misled; if this is confusion
There is more or less to follow or be followed.
What you are, were, will be, have an order,
But no division between them to mark beginnings.

You were a child.
It never began. And you are a child;
You may be one tomorrow, no ending.

You may already have changed, no beginning.

And do not hope to begin to understand,
You are in the middle of understanding.
Or beyond.

Juanita Rice

I am young
my free
-dom
many summer children
in autumn
wait
grin at the man
who scowles
spring will come
my life
is
a bird
a sparrow
small but important
to him: to me
and then a laugh
my breath
a fog
in the city
not a cloud
and the sun

smiles
too

Rita
12-11-68

don't tread on me.
It is but a beginning,
a second time around,
a war on dissent. . .
or how I grew up in the
land of the free and found out
it just ain't so.
But now, a new alamo, a fighting
cause:
Remember Chicago, Fred, Angela,
Ericka, John, Kent State, Orangeburg
and you?
Choose one. Enough Rage.
Up against the wall motherfucker.
the pig. . .
paving—cement trucks rushing
us to our doom,
homes once, now a parking lot
a planet of concrete ready to
Slip off the edge of the world.
Stop it.
Daughters of the American Revolution
prepare for the second coming.
It is too late for you to pray
that God will save you from
anarchistic, chaotic wild-eyed freaks
She isn't listening to you anymore.
We are breaking out of our
free world prison.

Mass Marvel
(from People's News Serv)

NYC '69

City mind prison
gray death
sorrowful streets
newspapers dance
on the wind of smog
oh
mountain home
blue wind laughing
cry oh moon
under the dragon's toe
I sit with a hungry heart

Denise Lassaw

In the hour of the sun
when the sky and the earth
begin to brighten
my friend and I go out
into the morning
toward the east
Quietly through an island
of trees we walk
and listen to our winged friends
singing to the rising sun

We think of the way
it used to be
which is also the way
it will one day become
We think of our ancestors
the wise ones who walked
these paths before us
and we are glad
knowing that the way it used to be
is still alive
in many of us

And at the same moment
we feel sad
knowing that these things
which are very much
alive in us
are very dead inside
of so many others
But the sadness does not last
for very long
for we know that we
must not spend our hours
mourning the dead
but rather we must work
to make
that which is alive
to grow

For a new day is dawning
upon the land
a time the wise ones
spoke of
so many generations ago
a time of peace
after a time of many wars
this time is soon to come

Those of us who feel the dawn
approaching
are preparing our selves
for its coming
we are listening
to the sounds of the wind
the earth and sky
the four corners of the universe
these tell us what we need to know

And those others
the ones who do not listen
they will never see the sun rise
on this our new day
for they are already dead
and lying under the grasses
like so many worms

So if you call yourself my brother
if you call yourself my sister
listen! listen to the dawn

Rita
7-6-71

